

"SINGLE WHITE FEMALE"

a screenplay by

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based upon the novel by

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FIRST DRAFT

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" SINGLE WHITE FEMALE "

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

A warm September night. Traffic near Lincoln Center. The well-dressed theater crowd scrambles for cabs. Couples skitter across Columbus Avenue towards safe havens like The Ginger Man. CAMERA MOVES NORTH: Liquor stores. Bus shelters webbed in graffiti. A Street Person urinates on an apartment building while the Doorman hails a cab. We MOVE FURTHER NORTH to W. 74th Street and the thirty floors of the Cody Arms, a once-elegant hotel which has declined to its present status as an apartment house. Unfashionable but still respectable. No doorman, but a canopied entrance, concrete gargoyles, generous proportions. WE CAN HEAR the faint strains of Eartha Kitt singing "Apres Moi." And LOUDER, the SOUNDS OF PASSIONATE SEX...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE SOUNDS OF SEX ARE LOUDER. We've seen this shot before: the CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE BEDROOM WALL, across the floor, past shoes, socks, underwear, rumpled bedclothes, to:

GRAHAM KNOX, thirty-eight. He's alone in bed. A book has fallen open in his lap. He listens intently, eyes fixed on:

A HEATING VENT

which carries the SOUNDS OF SEX from an apartment below...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sex is here, and the Eartha Kitt. We MOVE from the heating vent to the bed, where SAM RAWSON is making love to ALLIE JONES. They each have tight, firm, not-yet-thirty bodies, right now cloaked in a film of sweat. It's not inventive sex -- Sam has her pinned to the bed missionary-style -- but it's apparently more than satisfactory. Sam MOANS and MURMURS: he's the vocal type. Fifteen seconds of this, the intimate, exciting, embarrassing sounds of a man approaching climax, echoed faintly by his partner. Finally, when we, too, are willing it to happen, they're there: THEY CLIMAX. Sam SHUDDERS LOUDLY and collapses on top of Allie, PANTING, MURMURING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We breathe easier, too. For a moment, PEACE: even  
Eartha Kitt considerately clicks OFF. Then:

ALLIE  
(wryly)  
Did you come?

Sam laughs, rolls over on his back.

SAM  
(re his vocalizing)  
Can't help it.

ALLIE  
No, I like it.

SAM  
It was a drag growing up. I'd  
have to bite my lip jacking  
off.

ALLIE  
(touching his lip)  
I wondered about the scar.

He gets out of bed, puts another tape in the machine,  
TURNS IT DOWN LOW.

SAM  
Our dog slept on my bed. Two  
weeks after puberty she was a  
nervous wreck.

ALLIE  
Isn't everybody? God, it's  
hot.

Sam crosses the room to the window, opens it, leans out.  
The OCEAN SOUND OF MANHATTAN TRAFFIC wafts up from the  
streets. Allie turns, studies his ass appreciatively.  
He gets back into bed, kisses her lightly on the cheek,  
turns to go to sleep. Allie turns, too, watches the  
breeze tickle the scarlet silk scarf she has draped over  
the bedside lamp. She reaches up, touches the scarf,  
smiles. The SOUNDS of the city well up, filling the  
room. An argument uncoils on the street six floors  
below. A WOMAN'S SCREAM. The glassy TINKLE of a BOTTLE  
SMASHING.

MAN'S VOICE  
(from the street)  
Teach you, you fucking bitch!

ON ALLIE

as she listens. The sounds trouble her until Sam reaches over, strokes the moist center of her chest between her breasts. Then his hand moves DOWN, OUT OF FRAME, and she closes her eyes, smiles...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM CLOSET - DAY

Allie, showered, her hair blown dry, dressed in a t-shirt over panties, thumbs through her clothes. WE HEAR A RADIO in the kitchen, and a SHOWER gushing in the bathroom in the hall. Her wardrobe is distinctive. Rich colors, good lines; nothing forgettable. She chooses a blue linen suit. As she leaves the room with it, hanger and all, she grabs panty hose and a bra from the dresser top.

THE HALLWAY

as Allie enters. There are two bedrooms on one side of the hall, a bathroom and a linen closet on the other. As Allie glides past the bathroom door she knocks:

ALLIE

Ten minutes, Sam!

THE KITCHEN

Allie enters the galley kitchen, takes some yogurt out of the (almost bare) refrigerator, scoops some into a bowl, tosses in a handful of granola, stirs it, grimacing. In the b.g. the SHOWER GOES OFF. She shakes instant coffee granules into a glass, adds cold water and an ice cube and carries this, with her suit, back down the hall into:

THE SECOND BEDROOM

Allie's office. Shelves of books, an old dining table used as a desk. On it a laptop computer out of its case. We notice a logo on the case: "ALLISON JONES - SOFTWARE SOLUTIONS." There's a laser printer, too, and files everywhere. Allie flicks on the laptop. While it's booting up, she goes to the large sash window, gives it a tug. It flies up easily and Allie nearly falls out. Shaken, she holds onto the frame, catches her breath.

ALLIE

Jesus!

Sam enters from the bedroom, tying his tie and putting on his suit coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
I'll be home late tonight --  
(noticing her distress)  
-- what?

ALLIE  
I almost fell out.

SAM  
Yeah, I chipped and greased the  
sash -- no charge. Isn't your  
breakfast at nine?

Allie goes back to the computer, taps a few keys.

ALLIE  
Nine-thirty. Can I put down  
Weinberg-Yates for a reference?

SAM  
Yeah, but use my number.  
Who'll be calling?

She squints at the screen as she takes off the t-shirt,  
bends over into her bra, shimmies into the panty hose.  
Sam watches admiringly.

ALLIE  
Michael Myerson. He's got a  
very sexy voice.

SAM  
I'll try to resist it.

She hits a key and her printer starts printing. She  
struggles into her suit, clips on the earrings she has  
on her desk.

ALLIE  
This better work. Myerson's my  
first real prospect since June.  
It's my turn to start earning  
some money around here.

She squeezes by him in the doorway. WE FOLLOW HER to:

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - ENTRY - DAY

Allie, nervous, goes to the table, checks her purse,  
then studies her reflection in the mirror. The living  
room behind her is large for a Manhattan apartment, but  
this older building has good-sized rooms, high ceilings,  
wood and plaster moldings. When Sam joins her from the  
kitchen he's eating the bowl of yogurt Allie fixed for  
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

You won't need money if this offering takes off. And we could use some of the cash to soften up the management so I don't have to sneak in and out of my own place.

ALLIE

(shaking her head)

They won't settle for more rent. Single occupancy or I'm out of here, that's my lease. And I can't face moving.

SAM

(he opens the door,  
peeks out)

Six-twelve just went down.

ALLIE

I think she suspects. You go ahead, I'll catch the next one.

SAM

(smiling)

Don't worry, honey. I'll make an honest tenant out of you yet.

ALLIE

I might hold you to that.

He kisses her. It's a tender kiss. It's not just sex that keeps these two together. He leaves. Happy, Allie looks into the mirror. There's a picture of her and Sam stuck in the corner. She smiles at his face.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR - DAY

Allie leaves her apartment, locks the many locks. She rounds the corner to the elevator, sees Sam waiting there with an older, inquisitive neighbor, MRS. SENESKY.

ALLIE

Good morning.

Mrs. Senesky merely nods. Allie and Sam pretend not to know each other. The elevator arrives. The outside doors open, and Sam slides back the metal inner gate.

INT. ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - DAY

Allie checks the board, punches "L" for lobby. No buttons light up, but that's SOP for this particular elevator. We notice casually it's a key-operated elevator. In the slot for a key is a screwdriver tied with a length of string -- like a pen at a bank. Allie inserts the tip of the screwdriver into the key and turns. The elevator shudders to life.

SAM  
(polite conversation)  
Another hot day.

Allie leans back. Sam uses his briefcase to tickle her ass. She doesn't react. Just looks at Mrs. Senesky and rolls her eyes as if to say, "Get him."

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Allie and Sam are walking outside; Mrs. Senesky is behind them.

ALLIE  
(smiling)  
Asshole.

They part on the street like strangers.

INT. GOYA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

An expensively casual restaurant. Blond wood, hunter green walls, plank floor, a long bar and lots of booths with sheets of paper for tablecloths. Allie hurries in, a few minutes late. MICHAEL MYERSON is already at his table. He's on the short side, plump, grey on top, late forties. You know right away he has kids and a big dog, and on October weekends he rakes leaves in Mt. Kisco. He smiles when he sees Allie approaching, stands up, extends his hand. His fly is down.

MYERSON  
Ms. Jones? I could tell as soon as you came in. You look like your voice on the phone.

ALLIE  
(surprised at his unsexy appearance)  
Ah, so do you, Mr. Myerson.  
Sorry I'm late. I had the wrong block.

She shakes his hand. Her eyes flicker down to his fly, then away. She sits down. Myerson notices this, checks his fly automatically, blushes when he finds it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He zips it quickly, sits down. His embarrassment is engaging.

MYERSON

Well. Gonna be one of those days, huh?

ALLIE

(helping him out)

Happens to me all the time.

(she opens her  
briefcase)

Before I design any systems, I like my clients to be familiar with what's commercially available. A lot of your competitors in the fashion industry use a group of programs for design, inventory control, and payroll -- they're quite good --

MYERSON

Why beat the drum for your competition?

ALLIE

Because I'm smart, and so are my clients. Suppose I design a system for you. I'm not cheap. A month later one of your colleagues tells you he bought something just as good at his local software supermarket for half the price. Couple jobs like that and my ex-clients get up a posse. No. I plan to be around for awhile.

MYERSON

Sounds like you will.

Their WAITER arrives.

WAITER (GRAHAM)

What can I get you this morning?

Allie glances at her menu, then looks up at him.

ALLIE

Whatever your hot cereal is, and coffee.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
(as he hesitates)  
That's all.

WE SEE the waiter is Graham Knox, the tenant above Allie's apartment. He recognizes her, finds himself staring, shakes it off.

MYERSON  
That's fine for me. Plus a  
tomato juice. Large. The  
coffee now.

GRAHAM  
Of course.

He leaves. Allie stares after him.

MYERSON  
What?

ALLIE  
Looks familiar. Probably an  
actor.  
(spreading out the  
material in her  
briefcase)  
Now, let's see exactly what  
you're looking for.

LATER

The restaurant is busier. Graham bustles around the tables, keeping an eye on Allie. Her meeting with Myerson's going well. He takes away their empty plates, refills their coffee, presents the bill to Myerson. The restaurant is slower. Finally Graham sees Myerson glancing at his watch, standing up, shaking hands with Allie. He leaves.

ON ALLIE

putting her files back in her briefcase, pleased.

EXT. BROADWAY & W. 72ND STREET - DAY

Allie buys flowers from a street vendor.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon. Allie's doing her home banking through a modem. The COMPUTER SCREEN has a "CITIBANK HOME BANKING" menu. She selects "BALANCE", and the figure "\$387.22" appears on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She logs off, disconnects the phone line, then calls up another file on the COMPUTER SCREEN: "Allie Jones, Monthly Budget." It lists her expenses -- rent, \$2400 - - and notes a loan from Sam in the same amount. Under "Projected Monthly Sales" she erases the "0" and types in "3,000.00".

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - NIGHT

Sam enters the apartment. SOFT MUSIC, soft lighting.

SAM  
Allie? I'm home.

ALLIE (O.S.)  
In here.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sam pushes the door open, sees Allie in the bathtub. Candles light the room. We notice, even if Allie doesn't, that his manner is slightly reserved.

SAM  
I'm sorry I had to buzz up. I  
couldn't use my key, the snoop  
in six-twelve was right  
there --

ALLIE  
You caught me just before I got  
in.  
(beat)  
I got it.

SAM  
The Myerson account? That's  
great!

ALLIE  
How did you do?  
(off his blank look)  
The big deal you were working  
on?

SAM  
Oh, that. Good. Slow but  
good.  
(as she pulls him down  
to sit on the edge of  
the tub)  
You'll get me all wet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE  
(kissing him)  
Turnabout is fair play...

She raises a sudsy hand to his head, pulls him down to her...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - ALLIE

An hour later. Allie, dressed in one of Sam's t-shirts, is asleep; so is Sam. The flowers she bought earlier are in a vase on the nightstand. A beat. Then the LOUD JANGLE of the phone explodes near Allie's ear. She starts from her sleep, reaches for the receiver.

ALLIE  
(into phone)  
Hello?

LISA (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
May I speak to Sam, please?

The voice is young, tense, angry. Allie tries to shake off her sleepiness.

ALLIE  
Who's calling?

LISA (V.O.)  
Lisa. Tell him Lisa's calling.

ALLIE  
Well, listen, Lisa, Sam's asleep. Is it important?

LISA (V.O.)  
It's important, yeah. To me, anyway. Could I speak to him?

Allie hesitates. She's uneasy, suddenly cold in the room. She puts her hand over the receiver, jostles Sam awake.

ALLIE  
Sam. Phone call. She says it's important. Lisa.

Sam flashes a look at Allie, then takes the phone, turns away from her for some measure of privacy.

SAM  
(into phone; neutrally)  
This is Sam.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)  
(he listens for a beat)  
No. Not now. I'm hanging up.  
(he hangs up; after a  
moment:)  
Work.

He rolls over as if to go back to sleep. Allie is troubled. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

SAM  
Don't answer it.

He reaches over, unplugs the cord from the back of the phone. But in the living room the PHONE CONTINUES TO RING, and now we HEAR THE ANSWERING MACHINE PICK UP.

SAM  
Shit!

ALLIE  
Who is she, Sam?

Sam is struggling with the phone. He plugs the cord back in, picks up the receiver.

SAM  
(into phone)  
Lisa!

ALLIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(on the machine;  
faintly, from the  
living room)  
... after the beep. Thank you.

Allie pulls away from him, rushes to the living room.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As she enters the living room WE CAN HEAR SAM'S VOICE AND LISA'S on the answering machine's speaker. We're ON ALLIE as she stands and listens, devastated.

LISA (V.O.)  
(through speaker)  
Yes, I'd like to leave a little  
message -- did you know your  
boyfriend's sleeping around?

SAM (V.O.)  
(through speaker)  
Lisa! Hang up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (V.O.)

You son of a bitch, you're  
living with someone! I  
followed you home tonight --

SAM (V.O.)

God damn it, Lisa --

LISA (V.O.)

Next time you decide to get  
some on the side, asshole, take  
your girlfriend's name off the  
lobby intercom and get her an  
unlisted number!

SAM (V.O.)

Damn it, Allie, how the fuck do  
you hang up on this?!

Allie leans over, switches off the machine, unplugs the  
telephone cord that leads into it.

A moment of complete silence. In the b.g. a SIREN  
begins to WAIL. Sam comes up behind her.

SAM

Allie --

ALLIE

(as if it matters)

I'm in business, I can't have  
an unlisted number.

SAM

I went there tonight to break  
it off. She's a hangover from  
before I met you. I had a life  
before we met, you just don't  
cut people off.

ALLIE

She's no old flame, okay?  
Don't insult me. How long have  
you known her? A week? A  
couple days?

SAM

It doesn't matter. It's over.  
It happened once.

ALLIE

Not counting the one-for-the-  
road tonight. That's  
traditional, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

It was just sex. It didn't mean anything.

ALLIE

She didn't sound like it didn't mean anything. I'm with her. That's two against one.

SAM

Honey, listen --

He touches her arm. She slaps his hand away violently.

ALLIE

No!

(trying for calm)

Just get out, okay? Just leave.

SAM

(stunned)

Just like that? Honey, come on, don't let this piss away what we've got together.

(trying to lighten things, he smiles)

Besides, it's the middle of the night. Where am I supposed to go?

ALLIE

Find a hotel. Come back tomorrow for your things. Or the next day. Or don't come back, I don't care.

Sam stares at her a moment. She shows no sign of weakness; nothing but a cold resolve.

SAM

Fine.

He leaves for the bedroom to put on some clothes. Allie stares at the answering machine. She puts the cord back into the phone. It starts RINGING. Instantly she pulls the cord out, and only now does she begin crying...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Graham, who dozed off on the couch in front of the TV, is awake now, listening through the vent, the TV remote in his hand. The TV SCREEN has the word "MUTE" visible in the upper corner.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Allie strips the sheets from the bed.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Allie leaves the apartment with a basket of laundry, we see she's already moved Sam's boxes near the front door. On the coffee table in the f.g. is a printout of Allie's monthly budget. Under "Loan from Sam" the sum of \$2400.00 is crossed out.

INT. CODY ARMS - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Graham enters the room, smiles as he sees Allie putting laundry into the washer.

GRAHAM

Oh, hi.

Allie looks at him blankly.

GRAHAM

Goya's, yesterday? I'm Graham, would you like to hear our specials today?

ALLIE

Oh, hi. Sorry.  
(pointing to a washer)  
That one's free.

Graham pads over to that washer, begins putting in his clothes.

GRAHAM

Saturday morning's the only day for laundry. There's still hope. Laundry without hope is impossible. Like Sunday nights, that's the worst. Your laundry's not done, your weekend's over, and Andy Rooney's on. I'd love to see the suicide stats for that hour.

Allie smiles politely but she's in no mood to talk. She keeps stuffing clothing into the machine.

GRAHAM

"I'm not angry at you, I'm angry at the dirt."

ALLIE

Sorry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Graham comes over to her.

GRAHAM

Faye Dunaway as Joan Crawford  
as "Mommie Dearest". Her  
deepest role. She doesn't  
agree, but what does she know?  
This is a woman who approved  
her wardrobe in "The Thomas  
Crown Affair."

(off Allie's lack of  
reaction)

This is my way of letting you  
know you're safe. I'm  
interested but not interested,  
you know?

(Allie still doesn't  
get it)

Very few straight men quote  
"Mommie Dearest."

ALLIE

(matter-of-factly)

Oh, I knew you were gay.

(off his deflated look)

Is that a problem?

GRAHAM

Only if you're a casting  
director. You're not, are you?

He tosses her a beer from his basket.

GRAHAM

Come on. Tell me about it.

ALLIE

What?

GRAHAM

Yesterday you were on top of  
the world. Today you look like  
June Allyson right after her  
agents told her what the  
commercial was for. Something  
happened. I promise. No  
advice.

Allie considers him.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

(from next scene)

It's real simple. Straight men  
are pigs.



INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The New York Times "Classifieds" section FILLS THE FRAME for a moment as Graham opens it, spreads it on the coffee table. There's a stack of other papers on the floor. They've just moved Allie's office things out of the second bedroom.

GRAHAM

This is the lesson of history.  
Read the Durants.

ALLIE

I met Sam right after I moved here. My whole life revolved around him. I thought... I thought he was the one, you know? Picket fence, two kids, a dog. I made plans.

GRAHAM

Look, you're a single woman in Manhattan, you can't trust anyone. Boyfriends cheat on you, gay friends die on you, women friends encourage you to get perms. It's a jungle.

ALLIE

I don't want this city to turn me into a bitter, suspicious New Yorker.

GRAHAM

You want sweetness and light, find an Alp. The downside, however, is goat's milk and a grandpa who whittles.

ALLIE

It came out of nowhere, that's what gets me. He really sounded in love.

GRAHAM

He sure did.  
(catching himself)  
I mean, from what you say.

ALLIE

God, the thought of dating again...

GRAHAM

Anyway, it's definitely The Times.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

The Voice is only good if you  
want a roommate who likes  
massage.

Allie looks at the papers uneasily.

ALLIE

It's such a crapshoot. Who  
knows what weirdo's going to be  
reading this tomorrow morning?

GRAHAM

Just hope it's a weirdo who  
won't leave hair in the sink.  
(off her low spirits)  
You could always call him,  
Allie.

Allie takes a copy of the Times with her to the  
computer.

ALLIE

(at the computer)  
Screw him.

MUSIC OVER the following scenes:

INSERT - ALLIE'S AD (MOS)

in the New York Times. "SWF SEEKS SAME TO SHARE  
APARTMENT IN W70S. 555-8193."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE FASHIONS - DAY (MOS)

Allie has The Times folded to her ad next to her  
computer, surrounded by manuals, documents, and files.  
Myerson is there, chatting with her, watching her idly  
as she bends to retrieve a fallen file. BARBARA, young,  
attractive, rather cynical, brings cups of coffee to  
them. She smiles grimly as she notes Myerson's gaze.

INT. "MAILBOXES, ETC." - DAY (MOS)

A private postal service center -- faxes, mailboxes,  
copiers -- in the East 90s. HEDRA CARLSON is reading  
the newspaper as she opens her mailbox. She stuffs the  
mail in her purse, walks the newspaper over to a  
counter, studies it more carefully. Hedra's not yet  
thirty. She might be attractive, even though she's  
clearly gone a day past her shampoo night and her  
clothes have been chosen for comfort rather than style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Underneath layers of fabric her figure is inscrutable, perhaps deliberately so. A dozen years ago she might have been chairman of her high school yearbook committee, spending every night and weekend on a book she wasn't, finally, asked to sign. Still, there's something appealing about her. You'd like to take her under your wing, and clearly she'd do more than her share just to show her gratitude...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (MOS)

The applicants: A FAT ONE, who chats continually as she fills out an application. Inside her purse Allie can see a pack of cigarettes. A THIN ONE, who walks around the apartment, touching everything, while Allie tries to interview her. A DYKEY ONE, older, with sensible shoes, discusses renovations, gestures to a wall she is suggesting be taken out. A FINICKY ONE who has a measuring tape with her on a tour of the apartment. AN INSISTENT ONE, who, despite Allie's protests, shows her pictures of her pet cats. A PERKY ONE, friendly and enthusiastic. A SCARY ONE, very Tony Perkins-ish, with a direct, unsettling gaze.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

MUSIC FADES DOWN. Holding Hedra's application in her hand, Allie gives her a tour. Hedra's taken some pains with her appearance. She loves the apartment.

HEDY (HEDRA)

I've only been there since  
June. Moved up from Tampa.  
I've got some money from my  
family, so I just do office  
work, temping, you know.  
(she rips off a deposit  
slip from her  
checkbook)

But if you call here and ask  
for Joan Shaffler, she'll  
verify my balance.

ALLIE

(reading the deposit  
slip)  
You've got a p.o. box?

HEDY

Until I settled somewhere for  
sure, it's such a hassle  
changing checks. I'd keep it  
so I wouldn't have to get mail  
here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY (CONT'D)  
(looking into the  
second bedroom)  
This is nice. You painted.

ALLIE  
It was going to be my office  
but... well, things got tight.

HEDY  
(sympathetically)  
I know. After all, no one  
wants a roommate. I mean, if  
you've had the place to  
yourself...

ALLIE  
(glancing at the  
application)  
"Hedra", that's unusual, is it  
a family name?

HEDY  
It was a character in a book my  
mother was reading. She can't  
remember the book now, isn't  
that dumb? I keep hoping one  
day I'll stumble on it. It was  
awful growing up. I got  
"Hydrant" and "Head Rat", you  
know kids.

ALLIE  
Not "Hedy"? You know, Hedy  
Lamarr? That's exotic.

HEDY  
I'm not really the exotic type.  
But you're right, it's nice.  
"Hedy."

ALLIE  
I hope you don't mind if I get  
a little personal --

HEDY  
Go ahead.

ALLIE  
Are you seeing someone? I  
mean, socially -- romantically?  
See, if there's going to be a  
lot of visitors -- you're not  
even supposed to be here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

No, I don't have a boyfriend.  
(off Allie's face)  
But I like guys, if that's what  
you're worried about --

ALLIE

Oh no, no, of course not. I,  
uh, well, I just had to know  
what to expect... Okay. I'll  
call you. Either way.

HEDY

You don't have to do that. If  
I don't hear by the weekend,  
I'll just assume it wasn't  
meant to be.

(beat)

I like it here, Allie. I hope  
you choose me. Well, goodbye.

ALLIE

Bye, Hedra.

HEDY

"Hedy". What the hell.

She smiles, leaves. ON Allie, a little unsure.  
Something about her...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allie and Graham are sifting through the applications.

GRAHAM

She looks good. Nice job.

ALLIE

A little bossy. And sensible  
shoes.

GRAHAM

Uh-oh. What about her?

ALLIE

Too smothering. She was all  
over me with her cats.

(off Graham's look)

Look, I don't want a friend, I  
want a roommate. Someone who's  
pleasant, happy do her share of  
the housework and knows her  
place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM

I think Marilyn Quayle's taken.

ALLIE

I don't want somebody I have to deal with. Hello, thanks for the rent, sleep tight, that's about it.

GRAHAM

(reading the applications)

"Your Hobbies?" What are you, a game show host?

(reads)

"Sharing good times with friends, evenings at home." I can see it now -- popcorn balls and Animal Twister. Next.

Allie studies the three maybe's. Picks one. Dials on the speakerphone. JESSICA'S ROOMMATE picks up. In the b.g. we can HEAR LOUD ROCK MUSIC through the speaker.

JESSICA'S ROOMMATE (V.O.)

(through speaker)

Hello?

ALLIE

(into phone)

Hello, is Jessica there?

JESSICA'S ROOMMATE (V.O.)

Jessica! Jessica! God damn it, turn down that music!

Graham looks at Allie eloquently. Allie presses the SPEAKERPHONE button, breaking the connection. SILENCE.

GRAHAM

There is a God.

ALLIE

(she dials another number)

Room 308, please.

(covers the phone)

This one was a little mousy, but...

(she waits)

Hedy? This is Allie. Feel like a roommate?

INT. CODY ARMS - LOBBY - DAY

Allie helps Hedy carry two suitcases and a box through the lobby to:

INT. CODY ARMS ELEVATOR - DAY

Allie and Hedy step in. Allie operates the doors by turning the chained screwdriver in the panel, presses "6". Just as the doors are closing, another TENANT enters, presses "9". Allie moves slightly away from Hedy, presses "11". The elevator starts ascending. At the 6th floor, Hedy struggles out with her bags. Allie holds the elevator door for her but otherwise doesn't help her. As the elevator doors close, Allie winks at Hedy from the elevator. Hedy smiles, heads down the hall alone to their apartment.

INT. CODY ARMS - STORAGE CAGES IN BASEMENT - DAY

The lights flick on in this ominous room full of cobwebs and chain-link cages numbered by apartment. Allie and Hedy lug some of Allie's boxes, one of Hedy's empty suitcases, towards Allie's cage.

INT. HEDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A futon... a suitcase for a night table... a lamp... one of those ballet posters from the early eighties: that's it. The room is dark, lit only by the city outside the window, which is open two inches, letting in STREET SOUNDS. The hall light comes on, and seconds later Allie appears at the door, still wearing her coat, looks in, doesn't see anyone. She crosses to the window to look out. She sees a bottle of perfume, a brush, two earrings on the suitcase/nightstand. She picks up the perfume, smells it. She likes it; she puts some on. She stands looking at the window. The darkness outside makes it reflect like a mirror. Allie studies her face, pulls her hair up, turns her head. She holds up one of the earrings. She smiles, turns around to put the earring back on the suitcase -- and sees Hedy standing close behind her, hair wet from a shower, wearing a sweatshirt over panties.

ALLIE

God, you scared me.

(embarrassed)

Look at me, you haven't been here a week and I'm already in your room. I'm sorry, I've just always wanted to try that perfume.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Oh, it's okay. Anything you  
want of mine, just go ahead.  
Do you want the earrings?

ALLIE

No, they're lovely, thanks,  
but... Well...  
(beat)  
Oh. We have the same  
sweatshirt.

HEDY

Oh, no, I ran out of clean  
clothes and this was in the  
bathroom. I shouldn't have.

She starts to struggle out of it but Allie restrains  
her.

ALLIE

Hey, it's okay, it's fine.  
It's a hundred years old.  
Well, if the bathroom's free...

HEDY

Oh, you're almost out of  
conditioner. I'll pick some up  
for us tomorrow. It's nice,  
it's like almonds...

THE PHONE RINGS O.S.

ALLIE

Excuse me.

She leaves. A moment, then Hedy turns to the window,  
pulls her hair up like Allie did, studies herself as  
Allie did. She does the same thing with the earring,  
then draws a strand of her hair to her nose, breathes in  
the scent of the conditioner. The PHONE STOPS RINGING  
O.S. as Allie picks it up. WE HEAR, with Hedy:

ALLIE (O.S.)

(into phone)

Hello?... No. No way. I  
don't want to see you, Sam,  
that's why. There's nothing to  
talk about.



INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

ALLIE  
(into phone)  
I'd appreciate that. Goodbye.

She hangs up. She finds she's breathing hard. She turns on the answering machine, dashes a tear from her eye, looks up -- and sees Hedy at the entrance to the living room. Hedy makes a sympathetic face, crosses to get her purse that's on the couch.

HEDY  
Sorry...

She returns to her bedroom. HOLD on Allie, still hurting from Sam.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/ENTRY - DAY

Hedy's leaving in the morning. She spends a moment at the mirror by the front door, fussing with the unflattering outfit. Allie, drinking coffee, watches her. The TV, VOLUME LOW, plays a rerun of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show": Mary and Rhoda talk in Mary's apartment.

HEDY  
Oh well. Bye.  
(she starts out, then  
returns, indicates the  
laundry basket)  
Oh, that's yours. I didn't  
have enough for a load. Bye.

She leaves before Allie can say anything. Allie goes to the laundry basket. Several pairs of her panties and a chemise have been laundered and folded carefully...

INT. FORTUNE FASHIONS - DAY

Myerson leans over the divider around Allie's desk. They chat. His hand rests very close to hers on the desk, but they don't touch.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A steamer sits in a pot of boiling water, and a bottle of wine stands by two empty wine glasses. Hedy, in baggy cotton pants, chops vegetables with a large butcher's knife. Allie enters, looks at the production Hedy's created, and takes a yogurt from a refrigerator shelf marked "Allie". When she closes the refrigerator door, we see a computer printout of the monthly budget stuck to it with magnets, with columns for Allie's and Hedy's contributions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

I'm making us dinner. My specialty. Do you like dill?

ALLIE

Oh, no, this is fine. You dieting or something?

HEDY

Always.

ALLIE

Oh come on, what for?

HEDY

You just can't see it.

ALLIE

You're a rail.

(a thought)

I'll be right back.

Hedy dumps the chopped vegetables into the steamer. Allie disappears down the hall, returns with a pair of jeans.

ALLIE

Put these on. Go on.

Allie takes over the cooking chores. Hesitantly, Hedy slips out of her loose pants, pulls on the jeans, breathes in, buttons them.

ALLIE

I could kill you. Come here.

She marches Hedy to a mirror. Together they look at their reflection. Hedy's figure is surprisingly good.

ALLIE

They look great on you.

HEDY

Really? Maybe I'll get a pair.

ALLIE

Keep those. I've been trying to fit into them since Christmas. I won't tell you which Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY  
(smiling in the mirror)  
Okay. It's really nice of you.  
The least I can do is give you  
dinner.

When Allie nods, a little reluctantly, Hedy dashes back to the kitchen. Hold on Allie shrugging, "What the hell."

LATER - LIVING ROOM

Hedy can be HEARD in the kitchen, cleaning up. Allie is reading a furniture catalog. Hedy enters wearing bright yellow rubber gloves.

ALLIE  
(holding up a circled  
page)  
This is nice.

Hedy crosses, sits on the edge of the sofa.

HEDY  
You think so? I wasn't sure,  
but if you like it... You have  
such wonderful taste.

ALLIE  
It's mostly stuff from my folks  
house. Are you going to get  
the bureau, too?

HEDY  
I really need drawers, and it's  
not that expensive. I can  
spend fifteen hundred but that  
has to cover everything. A  
real bed, chair, everything.

As she talks Hedy compulsively tidies the room.

ALLIE  
If you like this kind of stuff  
you check out the store. It's  
right here on 71st.

HEDY  
No. I'm strictly a catalog  
person. Once they get me in  
there I've got zero sales  
resistance. Unless... maybe  
you could come with me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE  
(hesitates)

Okay.

HEDY  
Great! Thanks. Saturday?

ALLIE  
Why not?  
(re Hedy's cleaning)  
You don't have to do that.

HEDY  
It's clean when you can't tell  
I'm here.

ALLIE  
(after a beat)  
You don't have to spend the  
whole fifteen hundred on  
furniture...

HEDY  
What else do I need?

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Morning. LOUD MUSIC PLAYS IN THE SHOP. Allie waits outside the dressing room for Hedy to come out. When she does we see she's wearing clothing we could mistake for Allie's: career chic. Allie's a tough audience, but she finally approves of this choice.

LATER

at the cash register, Allie is surprised when Hedy, in her new clothes, pays for her purchases in cash. Hedy notices.

HEDY  
I know it's crazy to carry this  
much around, but no one'll take  
a check with a post office box  
and Florida I.D.

SHEILA (O.S.)  
Allie!

Allie and Hedy TURN TO SEE SHEILA, a friendly woman Allie's age.

SHEILA  
God, what a surprise! I  
haven't seen you forever! You  
look great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

You, too. Oh, this is Hedy  
Carlson. Sheila Raney.

SHEILA

Hi, how are you?

Hedy smiles tightly, puts out her hand.

HEDY

Nice to meet you, Sheila.

SHEILA

(re her dress)

That's really cute on you.

(turns to Allie)

How's Sam? We thought we'd see  
you two at Janie's gallery  
thing --

ALLIE

Well, Sam and I aren't together  
anymore.

SHEILA

(genuinely concerned)

Oh no, you're not serious? You  
seemed so perfect together --  
what happened?

ALLIE

It's a long story -- that's why  
I haven't called you, I just  
needed some time to pull myself  
together --

SHEILA

What you need is your friends -  
- look, I'm late already -- let  
me call you for lunch this  
week, okay? It'll help to talk  
it out, really. I'm so sorry.

(to Hedy)

Nice meeting you.

She gives Allie a kiss and a warm hug and runs off.  
Allie looks at Hedy, smiles self-deprecatingly.

ALLIE

I didn't want to bore you...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Allie and Hedy, mid-conversation...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

... and I just didn't feel he  
had the same level of  
commitment, and so I asked him  
to leave. I'm really fine  
about it now, but it did leave  
me with a cash flow problem.  
Which is over, thanks to you.  
(noticing Hedy's look  
of concern)

What?

HEDY

I'm feeling so guilty. I  
should've just told you when it  
happened, but he made me  
promise...

ALLIE

Who?

HEDY

This guy -- Sam. He came by  
the apartment yesterday to see  
you.

ALLIE

You let him in?

HEDY

Well, I... I mean, I said I was  
a friend and you'd gone to work  
and... He's not supposed to  
know I live here, right?  
(off her look)

You're mad, aren't you?

Allie looks more upset and confused than mad. She  
shakes her head. They enter Conran's.

INT. CONRAN'S - DAY

As they move around the room displays.

ALLIE

What'd he say?

HEDY

He wants to see you.

ALLIE

That won't happen, ever. And,  
Hedy, you didn't mean any harm,  
I know, but if he tries to go  
through you again --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Oh, I know, I'm really sorry.  
I didn't know till I heard you  
tell Sheila that it was  
anything serious. I wasn't  
being disloyal, not on purpose  
anyway.

(seeing how upset Allie  
is)

He must have hurt you a lot.

ALLIE

(shaking it off)

We were on two different  
wavelengths. I was picking out  
china patterns and baby names  
and he was... well, he wasn't.  
Anyway, it's over. Let's not  
let it ruin our day.

(spotting something)

Ah. Bedrooms.

LATER

At the Conran's cash register, Hedy pays cash again --  
over \$800.

CASHIER

Delivery address?

HEDY

The Cody Arms, 687 W. 74th  
Street. Apt. 603. Allie  
Jones.

Allie, surprised, looks up. Hedy winks. Remembering,  
Allie hesitates, smiles.

EXT. MANHATTAN PET STORE - DAY

Late afternoon. Loaded down with shopping bags, Allie  
and Hedy stare at the puppies in the pet store window.  
Hedy sees Allie smiling at one.

ALLIE

The bigger dogs are really good  
with kids.

Hedy sees Allie's smile turn sad.

HEDY

I really had fun today, Allie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

Me, too.

HEDY

Really? It wasn't a chore? I don't want you to think you've got this hopeless roommate.

(she indicates her shopping bags)

Just about this.

ALLIE

It wasn't a chore, Hedy, honest. It was good for me.

Hedy smiles, until:

ALLIE

Sheila was right. It's terrible but when there's a man around you kind of neglect your women friends. Lunch'll be nice. Is that a cab?

She goes to the curb. HOLD on Hedy, annoyed... WE HEAR A PHONE BEGIN RINGING...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

THE PHONE IS RINGING HERE. Hedy emerges from the kitchen with sudsy hands, picks up the receiver.

HEDY

Hello?

She hears a voice and quickly hangs up. She thinks a second, then switches on the phone machine. The PHONE RINGS again and the machine picks it up. After a beat:

SHEILA (V.O.)

(filtered through phone machine)

Allie? Was that you? I must have dialed wrong, never mind. This is Sheila again. Where are you, this is my third call, hon? Listen, if you want to have lunch, call me. If not, that's okay, too. You have the number. Bye.

The machine clicks off. Hedy presses the "ERASE" button. The machine re-sets, and she's jolted from her grim reveries by A SPLASHING SOUND from the kitchen. She runs towards



THE KITCHEN

were a yellow lab puppy is struggling out of the sink where Hedy's been giving him a bath. She smiles, goes to him.

HEDY

No, no, no. I've got to get you nice and dry, okay?

(as she towels him)

You've got to look as cute as you can tonight so she'll let you stay. I wish you were a little thinner, they fed you so much in that shop. Won't it be fun, just the three of us? I don't think it's really a home with just grownups, do you?

She HEARS the front door opening. She sweeps the puppy into her arms. She's happy, excited, like a little girl, watching the kitchen doorway eagerly.

ALLIE (O.S.)

(calling)

Hedy? I'm home --

She arrives at the doorway, stops short when she sees Hedy holding the dog. Before she can say anything:

HEDY

It was by the dumpster out back. I'll take it to the pound tomorrow.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HEDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights off. Hedy's standing inside her door, waiting. The puppy can be HEARD WHIMPERING in the kitchen. Allie's door opens down the hall, and Allie comes down the hall, gets the puppy, returns with it to her bedroom. Hedy smiles...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The puppy WHIMPERS in a basket by the heating vent...

EXT. CODY ARMS - SIDEWALK - MORNING - DAY

The next morning. It's raining. Allie scurries up the sidewalk towards the Cody Arms, a grocery bag clutched in her arms. She hears a voice:

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Allie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns to see Graham running up behind her, The New York Times dampening in one hand, a wet bag of coffee and Danish in the other. She smiles.

INT. CODY ARMS - LOBBY - DAY

Allie and Graham enter from the street, shake the rain from their clothes. As they cross to the elevator, wait for it to arrive:

GRAHAM

So -- how's Rhoda?  
(off her look)  
The roommate? Ready to kill  
her yet?

ALLIE

No, no, she's really very nice.  
We actually went shopping  
together. It's nice coming  
home to someone again.

GRAHAM

That sounds pretty cozy.  
Thought you didn't want a  
friend.

ALLIE

I guess I was over-reacting to  
Sam. Anyway, we're not best  
buddies or anything. It's just  
friendly.

GRAHAM

I think I saw her the other  
day. You were leaving the  
building -- at least I thought  
it was you. This parka, this  
hat. But when I chased her  
down, it was someone else.  
Hair like yours, but darker?  
Very nervous?

The elevator arrives; as they step in:

ALLIE

That's Hedy. I've thoroughly  
freaked her out about people  
knowing she's living here. I  
was right about one thing: she  
is a little mousy --

INT. ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - DAY

Allie and Graham, alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

-- and she brings home strays.

GRAHAM

I know.

(off her look,  
indicates her grocery  
bag)

I mean -- Puppy Chow.

ALLIE

I'm a sucker for labs, and this one, he so gorgeous I can't believe someone just turned him loose. It's the one good thing about this building, you can have pets.

GRAHAM

This building comes with pets. Remember when roach was a nice word? No, you're too young.

(remembering)

Look, speaking of pets -- I've got to go up to Boston this weekend for my cousin's wedding -- could you feed my cat? It's dry food, real simple --

ALLIE

Sure.

GRAHAM

Great. I'll drop off the keys. Her name's Carmen. I'll do the same for... what's the puppy's name?

ALLIE

(making a face)

Sam. Sammy. I know, I know, but she had a dog named Sam growing up, and what's the difference? Call me.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allie, still smiling from her encounter with Graham, enters. Hedy, wearing Allie's wool coat, her back to the door, turns around guiltily.

HEDY

Allie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

I thought you'd be at work.

HEDY

I was just about to walk out  
the door, when -- Allie, uh,  
Sam --

ALLIE

(smiling, unconcerned)

Don't tell me we have the same  
coat.

HEDY

Oh, sorry -- do you mind?  
Mine's at the cleaners and I'm  
late for  
work --

Allie nods her head, unpacks the grocery bag.

ALLIE

I got these bowls, too, for  
food and water. And some stuff  
for the carpet, too, for  
accidents. Look, you're late,  
I'll feed him. Sammy? Where  
are you hiding? Are you in the  
kitchen?

HEDY

(wanting to warn her)

Allie --

But Sam walks out of the kitchen, holding the puppy...

SAM

Woof.

Allie, shocked, looks from Sam to Hedy.

HEDY

I tried to let you know.

ALLIE

What the hell are you doing  
here?

SAM

I just dropped by to see you.  
(indicating the dog)  
You're scaring him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

Hedy --

SAM

Don't blame her, I kind of  
forced my way in. I had to see  
you, Allie.

HEDY

I'd better go, I'm late. Bye,  
Allie.

She leaves quickly. Allie stares at Sam, who smiles,  
stroking the puppy.

ALLIE

You son of a bitch.

CLOSEUP - MOMENTS LATER - THE PUPPY

immediately starts eating the food Allie pours into the  
bowl. Allie sniffs, dashes away a tear.

SAM (O.S.)

Here. Put this in the basket.

WIDEN to see Sam winding a clock. Allie looks at him,  
then turns so he can't see how upset she is.

SAM

They think it's a heartbeat.

ALLIE

I'll send you one for  
Christmas. We're leaving.

She holds the kitchen door open for him, then closes it.  
HOLD on the puppy, who looks curious...

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ALLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam stands behind Allie as she locks the door.

ALLIE

And I'm changing the locks so  
the keys you won't return won't  
do you any good.

SAM

I mailed you the keys days ago.  
Didn't you get them?

ALLIE

No. How'd you get up here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Someone leaving let me in  
downstairs. If I'd buzzed up  
you wouldn't have let me in.

They walk in silence to the elevator. She uses her key  
to summon it.

SAM

I miss you, Allie. I didn't  
realize how much I would.

ALLIE

You want me to give a few tips  
to my understudy?

SAM

I haven't seen her or talked to  
her since that night.

ALLIE

Right. And the key's in the  
mail.

The elevator arrives. He gets in first, holds the door  
open for her.

ALLIE

No. I'm not coming yet. Go  
on.

SAM

Allie --

ALLIE

Just go, Sam.

He pulls her in and the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - DAY

Sam is struggling with Allie, trying to keep her from  
pushing the buttons on the panel.

ALLIE

Let me go!

He reaches behind her, takes the screwdriver out of the  
keyhole. The elevator grinds to a halt.

SAM

I made a mistake, I'm sorry,  
what else can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

Nothing! You're sorry, that's great, now leave me alone!

SAM

Not till you forgive me!

ALLIE

Fine, fine, you're forgiven.  
Say three Hail Mary's, eat  
shit, and die.

She sticks the screwdriver back into the keyhole and the  
ELEVATOR DESCENDS.

SAM

(pleading, charming)

Come on, Allie, be honest --  
don't you miss having me  
around?

ALLIE

Jesus, that male ego, it's  
indestructible. I want luggage  
made of that.

SAM

It's going to kill you to say  
it? I miss you.

ALLIE

Who cares? I don't want to be  
with a guy who thinks with his  
dick. Even if that's what it  
does best.

SAM

Great -- suddenly I'm a lousy  
lay. You never complained  
before!

ALLIE

Who could hear? Just go, okay,  
it's over! It's over!

INT. CODY ARMS - LOBBY - ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors open. Sam opens the gate, steps out.

SAM

Maybe there wasn't anything to  
get over! I gotta admit I'm  
surprised at how easily I've  
been replaced.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

A roommate who's your new best friend and a puppy!

ALLIE

At least I can depend on them.

SAM

They're no threat, that's for sure. One wrong step and they're out on the street or off to the pound!

ALLIE

I didn't throw away our relationship! You did!

SAM

We both did, Allie! We both did!

(beat)

Most of it was me, I admit that. I fucked up, I fucked up bad. But you scared me, Allie. Maybe part of me wanted to wreck it. And you were scared, too.

ALLIE

It's history, Sam. I won't go back to that.

SAM

Then let's go forward. We could do that, couldn't we? I love you, Allie. I want you to give me another chance. I want to marry you. Will you marry me?

Allie can't believe she's hearing this. She's confused, hesitant, and Sam takes this moment to pull her to him. He kisses her, tenderly at first, then more powerfully. She responds. After a beat:

ALLIE

Okay, two Hail Mary's --

He kisses her again, and she pulls him past the gate into the elevator. The doors close...

INT. ATHERTON HOTEL - SAM'S SUITE - NIGHT (MOS)

Allie at the door of Sam's room, in coat and evening dress, as he grabs his coat and they leave.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HEDY (V.O.)

Oh. That's great -- I mean, is that what you want? I mean, after what he did?

ALLIE (V.O.)

I know, I know I'm taking a chance, but he seems really sincere -- down, Sammy. You think I'm making a mistake?

EXT. MANHATTAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MOS)

We can SEE Allie and Sam inside the restaurant. He's just given her a ring. He has her hand in his.

HEDY (V.O.)

God, it's none of my business. But you know what they say. A leopard can't change his spots, even if he wants to...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MOS)

Giggling and making sshhhing noises, Allie and Sam enter the apartment. As they pass Hedy's room, Sam knocks into a little table. They tiptoe down the hall to Allie's room.

ALLIE (V.O.)

That's why we're going to wait, I'll see if he's changed. We're thinking maybe June. And I'm going to start looking for our own place, so if you want you can take over the lease here. I mean, if you want to stay. I gotta warn you Sam'll be here a lot from now on. I hope that won't bother you.

CLOSEUP - HEDY

in bed, lights off, listening to the love-making next door.

HEDY (V.O.)

Maybe I should move out. Then you could have this place.

ALLIE (V.O.)

No, we can't sneak around here for the rest of our lives. It's fine for roommates, but...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No, we'll find a place, maybe  
cheaper, too, so we can start  
saving for a down payment.  
What's wrong, you don't look  
happy?

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Sam pads down the hall towards the bathroom. The door is ajar. He opens it and sees Hedy, dressed only in panties, putting on her makeup in the mirror. She sees his reflection in the mirror, doesn't react, continues putting on her eyeliner. Then, she turns from the mirror to look at him. He stares a beat, until Allie calls to him from the kitchen.

HEDY (V.O.)

It's just... I'd just hate to  
see you hurt again.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allie's at her desk, Hedy's across the room. The puppy is at Allie's feet. Allie barely hears Hedy's response; she's smiling at her ring.

ALLIE

I love it, don't you? He said  
we could go back to the  
jeweler's and choose any one I  
wanted, but I love this.

(looking up at Hedy)

He's changed, Hedy. You'll  
see, you'll get to know him.  
Not that you're here much  
anymore. Anyone I should know  
about?

HEDY

(trying to be cheerful)

No, I had to get a second job.  
My savings are gone and the day  
job's only temp, it could end  
any time. It's scary being by  
yourself. If I got sick or  
anything...

Allie thinks she knows why Hedy's upset.

ALLIE

Hedy, you'll find someone. If  
I can...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Oh, come on, Allie, don't pretend. You're in a different league, I know that. You're beautiful, you've got this great personality, you're running your own business. You were always going to find a great guy, you'd have to be stupid to think you wouldn't. Really stupid.

Allie hesitates, not knowing how to respond. Instead, she puts Sam on the couch between them.

ALLIE

I give up -- you cheer her up, Sammy. Go on.

HEDY

Come here, Sam, you've bothered her enough.

But the puppy stays with Allie.

ALLIE

He smells doggy.  
(to the puppy)  
How about a bath?

HEDY

Does he ever nip you?

ALLIE

Oh, love bites, that's all.  
Come on, Sam.  
(as she passes Hedy)  
I'm counting on you to help with the wedding. It'll be small but even so there'll be tons to do.

HEDY

Oh, sure, great. And not much time, when you think about it. Not much at all.

Allie leaves with Sammy. Hedy picks up the empty ring box on the coffee table. She opens it, snaps it shut, opens it, snaps it shut...

INT. FORTUNE FASHIONS - DAY

Allie hunkers over the computer keyboard as she explains the program to Barbara, Myerson's assistant. Allie's laptop case is on the desk; her business logo, "ALLISON JONES - SOFTWARE SOLUTIONS", visible on top. Myerson watches the demonstration, asks questions. Allie answers. He moves the case off the desk, sits on it, rests one hand lightly on the back of Allie's chair. Barbara notices this, smiles, gently cynical.

GRAHAM (V.O.)  
(from the following  
scene)

And my poor cousin, she's no  
beauty. She came down the  
aisle like Mickey Rourke with a  
train. And the groom, Jesus...

INT. GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Graham's carrying a tray of coffee things into the  
living room. Allie laughs.

ALLIE  
If you ask me, I think it's  
kind of touching. You know, in  
this big wide world they found  
each other.

GRAHAM  
Probably by smell -- cream?

ALLIE  
Oh, before I forget --  
(she takes a key out of  
her pocket)  
Your key.

GRAHAM  
No, keep it, I'm always locking  
myself out and the super's  
never here. You don't mind?

ALLIE  
No, sure, that's fine.  
(the cat Carmen comes  
up, rubs against her)  
And if you need me again...  
(indicating Carmen)  
... we're old friends now.

GRAHAM  
Speaking of old friends, how's  
Sam?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(off her surprise;  
catching himself)  
I saw him in the lobby. I  
assume he's back?

ALLIE  
I was saving it for dessert.  
(holding up her ring  
finger)  
Think you can handle another  
wedding?

GRAHAM  
You're kidding! That's  
wonderful! When? --

HIS PHONE STARTS RINGING.

GRAHAM  
Ignore it, the machine's on.

ALLIE  
Oh, God, sorry, I told Myerson  
I'd be here if he needed me.  
He's learning the program --

Graham crosses to the phone, picks it up.

GRAHAM  
(into phone)  
Hello? Yes, she's here. Hold  
on.

He passes the phone to Allie.

ALLIE  
(into phone)  
Hello? Hi, Mike. What's on  
the screen right now?

Graham watches her; HEARS faint STRAINS of MUSIC.  
Casually he throws a sofa cushion onto the heating vent,  
MUFLING THE MUSIC, studies the ring on Allie's finger  
as she keeps talking to Myerson...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC IS PLAYING when Allie enters. Sam and Hedy are  
going through Allie's record collection.

ALLIE  
Hi, sweetheart. Hi, Hedy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Where were you?

She goes over to Sam, kisses him.

SAM

You look good.

ALLIE

You, too.

(at the answering  
machine which isn't  
blinking)

Sheila didn't call? I've left  
her two messages.

HEDY

Your boss did.

ALLIE

He got me at Graham's. I  
watched his cat last weekend --  
didn't I tell you? He lives  
upstairs.

HEDY

Oh. No, you didn't. I didn't  
know you had friends in the  
building. How good a friend is  
he?

ALLIE

He's really nice.

(to Sam)

Relax, he's gay.

HEDY

God, you were up there so long.  
(trying to be casual)  
What'd you talk about?

ALLIE

Oh, the usual.

(with a smile at Sam)

Men. Careers. Weight.  
Where's Sammy?

SAM

In bed, waiting for you. Like  
father like son. You tired?  
Good night, Hedy.

Sam pulls Allie playfully towards the bedroom. Hedy  
smiles faintly, but she's upset.

EXT. MANHATTAN CHAPEL - DAY (MOS)

THE WEDDING MARCH FROM "LOHENGRIN" PLAYS. A small chapel on the upper east side. WE'RE WITH the bride, Allie, as she moves down the aisle. It's a small, traditional wedding. She's in white, veiled, exquisite. Walking in front of her is her maid of honor, Sheila Raney. Sam is at the end of the aisle standing with his best man. On the bride's side of the church, Graham and Hedy, watching. Graham touches his shoulder, indicating that Allie should adjust her veil. She does, smiles at him. She advances closer.

AT THE ALTAR

during the vows. Sam slips the ring on Allie's finger.

LATER

the minister is pronouncing them man and wife. As he does so, Allie's eyes flicker to the front row:

ALLIE'S POV

Standing where Hedy was standing, in Hedy's suit and hat, is Allie. She's rubbing her finger where her engagement ring used to be, and stares, shocked, at the bride. She reaches up, touches her earrings: Hedy's.

THE BRIDE

Sam lifts up her veil and we see it's Hedy. Sam kisses her lovingly.

THE SPECTATORS

clap -- all except Allie, who struggles out of the pew, starts running down the aisle out of the church. Tears are running down her face, and her mouth is beginning to form a SOUNDLESS SCREAM --

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allie bolts upright in her bed, panicked. Her upper lip is beaded with sweat; through one of Sam's old shirts we can see her chest heaving. She looks at Sam sleeping, then at Sammy in the basket, who looks back curiously. She tries to smile, pats the bed. He jumps onto the bed, bounds into her lap. She sits there a while, calming down. Then she HEARS A SOUND, a rhythmic noise, a kind of creaking. She waits for it to fade; it does, then it comes back. She takes Sammy in her arms, eases out of bed...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The apartment is lit solely from the street outside. Hedy's door is open. Allie, clutching Sam, approaches. At Hedy's door she stops, listens. It sounds like a gentle rocking, like a cradle. She can't see Hedy's bed from the door -- till she looks at the mirror above the dresser opposite the bed.

ALLIE'S POV - HEDY

on the bed, naked to the waist, where the sheet covers her. One hand strokes her breasts, the other is hidden under the sheet. Her eyes are closed and she's breathing hard. We know she's masturbating.

ALLIE

watches, fascinated. Suddenly, without warning, Sammy BARKS. The CREAKING STOPS ABRUPTLY.

HEDY (O.S.)  
(softly, frightened)  
Who's there? Sammy?

Terrified, Allie pulls back so she can't be seen in the mirror, then puts Sammy down on the ground, urges him away from her. Then she scurries back down the hallway to her bedroom, unluckily knocking against the hall table just before she gets to her room.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allie eases the door almost shut, slips into bed next to Sam, and waits, eyes locked on the door. She hears footsteps; the door opens slightly and Sammy is placed inside. Allie pretends to be asleep. She can feel Hedy watching her and Sam. Finally Hedy leaves. Allie opens her eyes, strangely frightened...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY

FOLLOW Allie down the HALLWAY. Her face is puffy from lack of sleep. The LAUGHTER coming from the kitchen annoys her. She ENTERS THE KITCHEN, interrupting Hedy and Sam in mid-laugh. Hedy, wearing her neon yellow rubber gloves, turns back to the stove she's scrubbing.

SAM  
Morning.

ALLIE  
Morning.

He leans in to kiss her but she avoids him, makes her instant iced coffee, goes into the living room. Hedy and Sam exchange a look, then Sam follows her into:



LIVING ROOM

Allie's collecting her purse, getting into her coat.

ALLIE  
You got the papers?

Sam holds up the "Apartments" section of The New York Times. A dozen ads are circled, and phone numbers and names are scrawled in the margins.

SAM  
(stopping to play with  
Sammy)  
I've already circled seven  
apartments. You sure you're in  
the mood for this?

ALLIE  
With your travel schedule the  
next couple weeks, I better  
find out what you like while  
I've got the chance.

HEDY  
(at the kitchen door)  
Here, Sammy. Come here.

Sammy WHINES, snuggles closer to Sam.

SAM  
He needs a male role model.

ALLIE  
(struggling with the  
stuck casement window;  
to herself)  
We'll be sure to get one you  
can both use.

Allie gets the window open three inches. The SOUNDS OF  
TRAFFIC waft into the room. Sam comes up, touches her  
shoulder.

SAM  
What's wrong?

Allie looks at him, decides to shake it off.

ALLIE  
Nothing. Bad night's sleep.  
Nightmares. Sorry.

She kisses him tenderly. They'd kiss again, except:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

It's beautiful out. I love  
Indian summer.  
(she holds a biscuit  
for Sammy)  
Sammy! Here, boy.  
(as Sammy refuses)  
He usually comes. I've been  
teaching him. Come on.

ALLIE

Sammy, be good. Come.  
(Sammy runs from Sam to  
Allie)  
Good boy.  
(to Hedy, who's forcing  
a smile at Sammy)  
See, you taught him well.  
We'll be home around five.

HEDY

Want me to fix dinner?

ALLIE

Uh, no. It's kind of our  
anniversary tonight. If it's  
warm enough we might take Sammy  
out to dinner at that sidewalk  
cafe on 78th Street.

HEDY

Oh. That'll be nice. Good  
luck with the apartment  
hunting.

They leave. Hedy stares balefully at Sammy.

INT. CODY ARMS - 6TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam and Allie wait for the elevator.

SAM

Anniversary? Am I missing  
something?

ALLIE

It's the best I could do. It's  
not that I don't like her, it's  
just lately we've been joined  
at the hip. She's getting a  
little dependent and I want to  
cool it, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
Got it. Poor kid.

EXT. 74TH STREET - DAY

Five-thirty in late October. Sam and Allie are crossing the street.

ALLIE  
I liked the one on 89th but the kitchen needs a lot of work.

SAM  
Since we know who'll end up doing the work, you better think now or forever hold your peace.

ALLIE  
Hey, you, don't forget I've got a business to run --  
(she sees something ahead)  
What's that?

ALLIE'S POV - A SMALL CROWD

on the sidewalk outside the Cody Arms.

BACK TO SCENE

SAM  
Maybe someone slipped and fell...

ALLIE  
(to a passerby)  
What happened?

She doesn't get an answer.

ALLIE  
(to another)  
Has anyone gotten help?  
(to Sam)  
There's a phone in the lobby.

They move further to the front of the crowd. We're TIGHT ON HER until she stops, stricken, stares:

ALLIE'S POV - SAMMY

her puppy, dead on the sidewalk...

ON ALLIE AND SAM

SAM  
Jesus. Is it him?

ALLIE  
Sammy? Sammy?

Sam restrains her from going closer. He looks up.

SAM'S POV - THE OPEN WINDOW

in Allie's living room, the wind whipping the curtain outside.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY (MOS)

LOUD MUSIC. CAMERA TRACKS with Allie as she bolts into the apartment, followed by Sam. She's screaming for Hedy.

Hedy rushes out of her room into the hall and Allie, crying, tells her something. Horrified, Hedy claps a hand to her mouth, rushes to the window, looks out, turns back to Allie and Sam, begins to cry...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOS)

MUSIC CONTINUES. Allie has finally fallen asleep, in her clothes, on the bed. Sam strokes her shoulder, studies her to see she's asleep, takes her empty tea cup and leaves.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT (MOS)

MUSIC CONTINUES. Sam comes down the hallway towards the living room.

CLOSEUP - HEDY

is wearing earphones, THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC. She's staring out the now-closed window, and in the glass she can see Sam's reflection as he enters the room. She doesn't move. He comes toward her, removes the headphones. THE MUSIC FADES to a rasp from the speakers, then Sam switches off the Walkman and there's SILENCE.

SAM  
She's asleep. That pill helped.

HEDY  
She blames me for opening the window wider. I just wasn't thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

She doesn't. No one does.  
It's no one's fault.

HEDY

Poor thing...

She starts crying again. After a beat, Sam puts his arms around her, gathers her to him. HOLD on Hedy's face...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Dusk. There's a bag by the front door loaded with Sammy's puppy things -- his food, his basket, his toys. Allie, looking listless, is at the computer in a robe when the PHONE RINGS.

ALLIE

(into phone)

Hello? Hi, Mike. What kind of emergency? All right, look, don't turn anything off, don't do anything till I get there. Thirty minutes.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK

The clock reads 6:00. Allie's flicking through her closet, can't find the blouse she wants.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DUSK

Allie quickly looks through the laundry hamper; looks across the hall to Hedy's bedroom door.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HEDY'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Allie shuffles through Hedy's closet. She finds the cream blouse she's been looking for. She also finds a black linen blazer, a silk blouse, a wool skirt that we've seen Allie wear, and a silver belt. She frowns, takes them with her.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allie's about to hang up her confiscated outfits when she realizes her silk blouse is already there. So is her blazer, and the wool skirt and the silver belt. What she took from Hedy's closet are doubles of her clothes. She stands there, uneasy...

INT. FORTUNE FASHIONS - MYERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Allie's behind Myerson's desk working at his computer; Myerson's next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

(as she types)

Enter the name of the vendor here. Press F9, and the cross-linked p.o. numbers appear here...

(handing him the keyboard)

But you have to enter the name exactly. Try it.

MYERSON

(as he touches the keys)

J-O-N-E-S, A-L-L-I-S-O-N.

ALLIE

(smiling)

See? Contract price, payments to date, balance outstanding. Now if you want to write a check, highlight the amount to be paid and press here. You don't have to know this, Barbara's training everyone in accounting --

MYERSON

(squinting at the screen)

This was due last Friday.

ALLIE

Barbara will handle it.

MYERSON

Not till I give her the word.

Allie laughs, unsure of what he means.

ALLIE

Well... I hope you're satisfied with what I've done.

MYERSON

So far...

He smiles, goes to mix himself a drink from the bar on the credenza.

ALLIE

There ain't much more. I plan to do some fine-tuning but it's up and running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYERSON

Anything?

ALLIE

No, I should be going.

Myerson brings his drink over to Allie, stands behind her.

MYERSON

How do I get into the inventory program again? Do it.

ALLIE

(tapping a few keys)  
Go to the main menu, tab over to Inventory -- or just type "I", same thing...

Myerson has started to massage Allie's back.

MYERSON

You're all knots back here.

ALLIE

Thanks. That's enough, I'm fine.

MYERSON

It's just a back rub. Then you could do mine, I don't know how you sit at these things all day.

ALLIE

I don't think so. Mike...

But Myerson hasn't let go. He bends down now, sliding his hands down to cup Allie's breasts.

MYERSON

Come on. I've been a good boy, haven't I? And you've been a good girl. We don't have to prove anything anymore...

Allie can't believe this is happening. Simmering with anger:

ALLIE

(quietly)

Let me turn around, okay?

Myerson smiles. He lets go of her breasts, fumbles with his zipper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYERSON

That's better.

Allie swivels her chair around. She's staring into Myerson's stomach. Her hands are on the tops of her thighs. Slowly she puts them together, clasps them.

MYERSON

Just a second.

His trousers drop to the floor. He moves in on Allie, straddling her. She looks up at him, then suddenly she brings up her clasped hands between his legs, slamming them into his balls.

MYERSON

Jesus! God damn it!

He gasps, doubles over, and Allie's slides her chair away from him, gets up, grabs her purse.

ALLIE

You're lucky. If it were long enough I'd've slammed it in the drawer.

MYERSON

(in pain)

You fucking bitch!

But Allie's already OUT OF THE ROOM. Fighting tears, she starts running to the elevator...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HEDY

Here. Take this.

Allie is sitting on the couch. Hedy is standing over her with a mug of tea and something cupped in her hand - a blue tablet. Allie, who's been crying, takes the tea, shakes her head at the pill.

ALLIE

This'll be fine. And I need a clear head to decide whether to file charges or not.

HEDY

What?

ALLIE

He assaulted me. It's not just despicable, it's against the law.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HEDY

But... it'd be your word  
against his. You know who'd  
they believe.

ALLIE

At least if I bring it out in  
the open his wife might realize  
the kind of man she's married  
to.

HEDY

She knows already. Men are  
like that, you should know  
that --

She stops herself when she sees she's touched a sore  
spot: Sam.

ALLIE

Maybe you're right, I don't  
know. But it's not just the  
humiliation. I was counting on  
that money!

HEDY

I can cover you, I've got  
savings left.

ALLIE

I could borrow from Sam.

HEDY

No, don't give up your  
independence yet. Let me help.

ALLIE

It'll just be for a month or  
so. Myerson'll pay, trust me.  
I set all my programs up so  
they have to... eventually.

HEDY

Sure he'll pay. Come on.  
Drink your tea.

ALLIE

(smiling)  
What are you, my big sister?  
(seeing Hedy's face  
cloud)  
I'm kidding, it's sweet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

(after a beat)

I've always wanted a sister. I was supposed to be a twin, but she was stillborn.

ALLIE

Oh, Hedy, I'm sorry.

HEDY

My parents tried to make up for it. But you've done more than they ever could, without even trying. They're gone now too, like yours.

(off Allie's look)

I heard you tell Sam once. I think it's one of the reasons we're such good friends. We're so alike.

(the PHONE RINGS)

I'll get it.

ALLIE

No, Sam said he might call from Philadelphia.

(picking up the phone)

Hello?

As she listens, her expression changes to revulsion. She hangs up the phone, trembling.

ALLIE

God damn it!

HEDY

What was that?

ALLIE

I don't know. He said my name. You're supposed to just hang up, right?

HEDY

Yeah, that's the right thing.

(sees Allie's upset)

Come on. Drink that, I'll run you a bath, and tomorrow everything'll look better, you'll see.

(she puts her hand on Allie's arm)

We'll get through this, Allie. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allie nods, sips her tea, shaken by the past twenty-four hours. Hedy watches her intently...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunset. Allie's still in her robe, staring out the living room window. Hedy enters, rushed, wearing a coat and thin leather gloves.

HEDY

Hi! I've got forty-five minutes between jobs. How was your day?

ALLIE

Horizontal. I just got up. Have you seen my wallet?

Hedy's thumbing through the mail, still wearing the gloves.

HEDY

Oh, that reminds me.  
(she takes out Allie's checkbook)  
I took this this morning, I needed a deposit slip. I put three hundred in your checking account today --  
(holds up bills)  
-- that'll cover these.

ALLIE

(a beat)  
Thanks, Hedy -- but my wallet wasn't with this?

HEDY

(shaking her head)  
Oh, and I got us something for the house.

She empties a bag onto the table. A gun and a box of bullets CLATTERS onto the coffee table. Allie is shocked.

ALLIE

Is that real?

HEDY

(nodding)  
It's very simple, I fired a few practice rounds in the gun shop.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY (CONT'D)

You know with these phone calls  
-- I got one last week, I  
didn't tell you -- and what  
happened to Mrs. Leder on two -  
-

ALLIE

What?

HEDY

That's right, you haven't been  
out for a week. She was tied  
up and beaten and robbed in her  
own apartment last Thursday.  
There's a big push on to re-key  
the elevators.

ALLIE

I don't want a gun here.

HEDY

What? I thought you'd be  
pleased. Look, I'm working  
four, five nights a week,  
you're alone most of the  
time --

ALLIE

No, there could be an accident  
-- if someone broke in they  
could take it away from us and  
use it against  
us -- no. I'm sorry.

HEDY

(a long beat)

So am I. But I live here too.

They look at each other, both stock still. This is the  
first time Hedy's disagreed with Allie. Allie looks  
away first.

ALLIE

Then keep it in your own room.

HEDY

What about the table in the  
hall? It might save your life,  
Allie, that's why I got it.

ALLIE

I wish Sam would get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

I didn't tell you. He called this morning while you were asleep. He'll be gone another week.

(remembering)

I think I saw your wallet in the bathroom.

She leaves. The gun's on the table. Allie touches it, shivers, looks up, sees Hedy standing in the doorway. Hedy smiles, holds up the wallet.

HEDY

Voila!

INT. CODY ARMS ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - DAY (MOS)

Hedy mothers Allie, tucks in the scarf Sam gave her. A notice taped to the wall announces a tenants' meeting on security. The elevator stops: Hedy whips her hands to her side, stares straight ahead as the doors open and a WOMAN PASSENGER boards and turns the screwdriver in the keyhole. The elevator continues down.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY (MOS)

Hedy and Allie window-shop in the wan late October sun. Allie's less tense. They pause outside Elizabeth Arden's. Hedy turns to Allie, says something. Allie demurs, but Hedy pulls her into the salon.

INT. ELIZABETH ARDEN BEAUTY SALON - DAY (MOS)

Allie, smiling now, is in a chair while Hedy, sipping from a cup of coffee, talks to her until a Technician takes Hedy away.

INT. ELIZABETH ARDEN BEAUTY SALON - FRONT DESK - DAY (MOS)

Allie, hair freshly styled and cut, is fumbling in her purse for her wallet when Hedy puts her hand over hers from behind. Allie looks up into the mirror behind the counter, sees Hedy reflected, smiling. Allie, however, does not smile: Hedy's hair has been cut and colored to exactly match Allie's. Hedy laughs, delighted. Allie can't help staring. Hedy pushes Allie's wallet away, takes out hers, pays cash for both of them. For a moment, we see a bubble of resentment forming within Allie.

EXT. 74TH & COLUMBUS AVENUE - DUSK

MUSIC DOWN. Hedy and Allie walking towards home as the city darkens around them. Allie stops at a newsstand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

Let me buy some papers.

(to the NEWSVENDOR)

The Times, The Voice, please.

(to Hedy)

A week is long enough. I'm  
going to scare up some work.

HEDY

It's no sin to relax a little.

ALLIE

I'm not relaxing. I'm sinking.  
Some asshole came on to me and  
my dog -- no, your dog -- died,  
and suddenly I can't get out of  
bed. Well, fuck it.

NEWS VENDOR

Two-fifty.

Allie's takes the papers, stuffs them under her arm,  
takes the money out of her wallet. As she's replacing  
her change, she frowns. The wallet feels different.  
She goes through it, then looks at Hedy.

ALLIE

My credit cards are gone! My  
license!

HEDY

You're kidding! Check again --  
when did you see them last? At  
the salon?

ALLIE

I don't remember.

(checking her bag)

No, they're not here.

HEDY

They're back home, they must  
be. Come on.

She starts to hurry off. WE MOVE WITH ALLIE as she runs  
through the sidewalks, unreasonably panicked.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HEDY

(into phone)

Allison Jones. Uh-huh. Well,  
today's the first day I noticed  
it. Yeah. 3286-4417-3999-011.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A computer printout of Allie's credit card information lies in front of Hedy. She's dressed for a date and looks fantastic. She looks up hopefully at Allie, who's searching the pockets of the coats hanging in the hall closet. Allie's wearing a robe, looks awful. She shakes her head: no luck. We can see she's gone through her desk -- the drawers are open, papers are everywhere.

HEDY

(into phone)

9-92. Right. I'm not going to find it, it's been stolen.

Thank you.

(hanging up, studying the list)

Okay. Done. The last charge was Macy's for twenty-seven-forty-nine. That checks out.

(off her watch)

Just in time. I gotta run. I hate leaving you like this but I've cancelled on this guy twice already. You sure you'll be all right here?

ALLIE

Fine. I'll leave a message for Sam at the Atherton so he'll get it when he gets in tomorrow morning.

HEDY

Don't wait up.

ALLIE

(eyeing Hedy's purse)

You look great.

Hedy smiles and leaves.

ALLIE'S POV - HEDY

six floors below, exiting the Cody Arms. It's hard to tell it's Hedy, not Allie.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HEDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Allie rifles through the drawers of Hedy's nightstand. She roots through her dresser, spreads all of Hedy's purses on the bed, ransacks all of them. In the closet, she checks in all of Hedy's jacket pockets. On the top shelf, she SEES A SHOEBOX. She takes this down, carries it to the bed. She opens it.

INSIDE THE SHOEBOX

A bundle of letters, rubber-banded together. But they're not addressed to Hedra Carlson. Instead, the older ones are addressed to "ELLEN BESCH" on Copeland Drive, Tampa, Florida. The ones in the middle of the stack bear that address plus the yellow forwarding stickers the post office applies, these with a box number in Manhattan. The latest ones, those on the bottom of the stack, have been properly addressed by the sender to Hedy's Manhattan p.o. box, though they still bear the name "ELLEN BESCH". The return address on all the envelopes is a stamped "MR. AND MRS. J. T. BESCH, MISHAWAKA, INDIANA." There's also a small blank white envelope, unsealed. Allie unpeels it and four scraps of photographic paper fall onto the bed: a snapshot has been shredded. Allie assembles the photo slowly. When she's finished, she sees a family group taken in the early seventies. An ordinary family posed in front of a suburban house: a mother, a father, two little girls -- presumably twins, because they're the same height and dressed exactly alike. But the face of one of the girls has been scratched off with a razor. She turns the pieces over to read the inscription. It reads "Judy and Ellen, 9th birthday." And at the very bottom of the box is an envelope addressed to Allie. Inside, a note from Sam wrapped around his keys to her apartment.

ON ALLIE

puzzled, angry -- and afraid. She quickly puts everything back...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later. Allie dials a number.

ALLIE

(into phone)

Hello. Could I leave a message for Sam Rawson, please? He'll be arriving tomorrow morning --

(beat)

He is? Oh. Can you put me through?

She waits, uneasy.

ALLIE

(into phone)

Sam? It's me. Hi. Did I wake you?

We HEAR only his indistinct responses through Allie's receiver.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALLIE

(into phone)

When'd you get in? That was lucky. Oh, I know, you must be beat, that's fine... Oh, lots of things. Tomorrow's Sunday, how about brunch?... We'll catch up then.

(beat)

I missed you. Okay. Good night.

She hangs up. The call hasn't made her feel any better. Why didn't he call her when he got back into town?

INT. ATHERTON HOTEL ROOM - SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Sam's on the bed. Someone's behind him in the bathroom; WE HEAR THE SHOWER. He hangs up the phone, worried, guilty...

EXT. GINGER MAN ACROSS FROM LINCOLN CENTER - DAY

LONG SHOT. We see Allie and Sam come out, head down the street, then apparently Sam has to go back inside. Allie nods, points to a pharmacy down the street. Sam nods, goes inside.

ALLIE

walks toward the corner. A SANDY MAN is approaching her, looking directly at her. He's in his mid-thirties, a day's beard on his face, slightly unsavory. He smiles in recognition. Allie quickly looks away.

SANDY MAN

Hey! Allie Jones!

She stops, stares at him. She's never seen him before.

ALLIE

Sorry --

The Sandy Man looks uneasy for a moment, then he recovers. His speech is slightly slurred.

SANDY MAN

Listen, I'm ready.

ALLIE

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY MAN  
(grinning)  
You know. To do what we talked  
about.  
(he glances around to  
make sure they're not  
overheard)  
What we decided at Tattoo's. I  
wasn't as stoned as you think.  
Hell, I always said I'd try  
anything at least once --

Allie backs away, looks behind her towards the Ginger  
Man where Sam should be coming by now.

ALLIE  
I don't know what you're  
talking about. You've got me  
mixed up with someone else.

SANDY MAN  
Thursday night, Tattoo's in the  
Village...  
(at her lack of  
comprehension)  
What is this shit?

But Allie's turning away, heading back towards the  
Ginger Man. The Sandy Man grabs at her.

SANDY MAN  
What, you sobered up and now  
it's fuck you, asshole?

ALLIE  
It was you on the phone!  
(seeing Sam)  
Sam!!

The Sandy Man releases her.

SANDY MAN  
You stupid cunt!

He disappears into the crowd. Sam runs to Allie.

SAM  
What? What is it?

ALLIE  
Goddamn perverts. Jesus. New  
York.

Sam puts her arm around her. They walk up Columbus  
together, threading through the crowd...

INT. ATHERTON HOTEL - SAM'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Allie making love. Instead of the fierce heat of their earlier encounters, this is tame, uninspired sex. Sam isn't vocalizing, either. When it's over, he rolls off her. They lie on the bed side-by-side, staring at the ceiling. A long beat. Then slowly, Allie begins dressing.

SAM

Sure you can't stay?

ALLIE

I've got to be there at eight tomorrow and it's three blocks from the apartment. The doorman'll get me a cab.

She seems preoccupied.

SAM

What's the matter -- still worried about Hedy?

ALLIE

I can't get those letters and that snapshot out of my head. She's lied to me --

SAM

You shouldn't have gone through her stuff.

ALLIE

But your keys --

SAM

I know, I know, that was wrong, but -- go easy on her, okay? She thinks you blame her for Sammy. Maybe she's right. Maybe you're getting back at her by pulling away and finding fault.

ALLIE

She took the keys before Sammy.  
(off his troubled look)  
But maybe you're right. It's not worth getting into it with her. I'll just look a little harder for our own place. Maybe by Christmas.

(leaning in, kissing him)

I love you, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Same here.

It's not "I love you." Allie decides not to pursue this, either. His eyes are closed. She touches his arm, leaves.

INT. "DATEX PAYROLL SERVICES" RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

A cheap desk, cheap furniture, cheap paneled walls. Allie, standing, is staring at a clipboard a grim secretary, LOIS, has handed her.

ALLIE

No, I'm not data entry, I design programs. Could I speak to Mr....

(consulting her notes)

Mr. Jaworski?

LOIS

That agency screws up all the time. Look, I do the hiring, we don't need any more programs, we need someone to put everything in.

(hand out for the clipboard)

Thanks.

ALLIE

How much does it pay?

INT. "DATEX PAYROLL SERVICES" OFFICE - DAY

Allie is punching in data line-by-line.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

It's a November sunset, 6:00 p.m. Allie's on her way home from her ill-paying job. She turns a corner. Up ahead:

ALLIE'S POV - HEDY

comes out of a drugstore. She's wearing a double of Allie's blue coat.

ON ALLIE

glad to see anyone after her day. She's about to yell out to her when she sees Hedy tying a scarf around her neck -- Allie's favorite scarf that hangs on her lamp. In that instant Allie decides to follow her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She slips into a doorway so that Hedy can't see her, then follows Hedy as she crosses the street.

INT. 72ND ST. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Allie struggles to keep up with Hedy in the commuter crush. She manages to board an IRT #1 heading downtown just as the doors close.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - (MOVING) - NIGHT

Crushed among standing passengers, Allie works her way to the next car, where she sees Hedy sitting down, lost in thought.

ALLIE'S POV - NIGHT

The graffiti on the car walls, the hostility in the subway stations outside the windows, the blankness of her fellow passengers...

INT. SUBWAY CAR (STOPPED) - 14TH ST. STATION - NIGHT

Hedy gets off; Allie follows. Hedy looks around once, looks right through Allie. Allie freezes, frightened, but when Hedy continues on, so does Allie.

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - NIGHT

Allie follows Hedy towards the East Village, dangerous and frightening. ON ALLIE as she stops when she rounds a corner.

ALLIE'S POV - TATTOO'S

A neon sign outside a yuppie meat-market bar. Hedy goes in.

INT. TATTOO'S - NIGHT

Smoky, crowded, loud. There's a tense, sexual energy in the air. Allie sits at a table in a corner, watches Hedy at the bar.

ALLIE'S POV - HEDY

at the bar. A man comes up to her, orders a drink. They begin chatting. He's a poor man's Sam.

DISSOLVE TO:

ALLIE

at the table, an hour later. She's nursing a drink, watching Hedy leave with the man she met at the bar. Allie waits a moment, then goes to the bartender.

ALLIE

Excuse me. I was supposed to meet Hedy Carlson here tonight -- has she been in?

BARTENDER

Don't know her.

ALLIE

(a moment)

What about Allie Jones?

BARTENDER

"Allie"? Woman sitting right here, that's what he was calling her.

Allie nods, smiles a thank you, leaves.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Allie steps out of the shower. She hears the locks rattling on the FRONT DOOR. She grabs her clothes, scurries down the hall to her bedroom, turning off the hall light as she goes. She closes, locks her bedroom door, turns off the light.

ON HEDY, in the entry, who HEARS ALLIE'S BEDROOM DOOR LOCKING. She walks down the darkened hallway, sees no light under Allie's door. She turns on the bathroom light. The bathroom's still steamy from Allie's shower. Obviously Allie's avoiding her. Hedy doesn't like that...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The next morning. Hedy emerges from the kitchen, stirring a glass of instant iced coffee (Allie's usual morning drink). She's slipping into a pair of shoes she left under the coffee table when there's a KNOCK on the door. She freezes. Allie appears in the doorway, struggling into a pair of jeans, hair wet from a shower. Hedy stares at the door. Another KNOCK.

HEDY

(alarmed)

They didn't buzz. It's someone from the building. You get it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

It's Graham from upstairs.  
It's okay. He wants me to re-  
do his resume on the computer.

She opens the door; Graham stands on the threshold.

ALLIE

Come in, come in.  
(whispering)  
Thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek, calls to Hedy, who's  
disappeared down the corridor.

ALLIE

Hedy, it's all right, Graham  
knows all about us. You know,  
the guy with the cat.

IN THE HALLWAY, we see an angry look flit across Hedy's  
face. She puts on a smile, appears in the doorway to  
the living room.

HEDY

Hi. It's just we have to keep  
it real secret because of  
Allie's lease.

GRAHAM

So you're S.W.F. I helped  
Allie with the ad. Graham  
Knox. Eight-twelve.  
(looking from her to  
Allie)

So which one has only seen the  
sights a girl can see from  
Brooklyn Heights?

HEDY

Oh, it's this hair. We thought  
it'd make it easier to fool  
people.

GRAHAM

It must be you in the picture!

HEDY

What picture?

GRAHAM

My mother's been whining  
lately: "I don't even know  
where my son lives."  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

So I took some pictures of the place last week -- anything to prevent a visit.

(to Allie)

And I was across the street taking one of the entrance and you walked out. At least I thought it was you, but my contacts weren't in and you jumped in a cab and left.

ALLIE

Cabs are a little out of my league lately.

GRAHAM

(to Hedy)

Yeah, it's you, definitely.

HEDY

Well, have fun. I work tonight, so... Oh, my keys.

She goes to the kitchen.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The key rack is nailed to the wall above the blender. Hedy takes hers -- and another, smaller set of keys, marked "812"...

INT. CODY ARMS ELEVATOR - DAY

Hedy, grim-faced, turns the screwdriver in the control panel. The elevator begins ASCENDING.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hedy lets herself in with the key. Graham's cat Carmen stares at her as she enters. Hedy takes her time. She takes her gloves out of her coat, begins touching things. She opens books, reads a few lines. She goes to his desk, reads his bills -- always looking for the developer's folder of snapshots... On one wall, a framed photograph of two men embracing. Hedy studies it with disgust. Below the picture is a heating vent.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allie brings in some mugs, a box of herb teas, some croissants on a plate. Graham is on the couch near a heating vent.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRAHAM

What a hassle. Did you go to the police?

ALLIE

What's the point? I cancelled them all. Whoever stole them hadn't used them.

GRAHAM

(knowing there's more)

What?

ALLIE

I think Hedy took them. I think she uses them for I.D. I think she goes around town impersonating me.

GRAHAM

Get out of here...

ALLIE

I followed her Tuesday. She dresses like me -- everything in her closet is a double of mine -- and you saw her hair.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frozen, Hedy is listening to the conversation coming through the heating vent:

ALLIE (O.S.)

I know she has these weird sexual encounters and she uses my name -- a guy came up to me Sunday and thought I was her. And she lies to me. She said she's an only child and her parents are dead, none of that's true. I don't even think Carlson's her real name. She really spooks me.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

GRAHAM

No shit -- she's a lunatic! You gotta get rid of her!

ALLIE

I can't just throw her out on the street. Obviously she needs help --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM

You need help. What about the police, have you thought about going to them?

(off her look)

Hey, come on, this is your home, you gotta protect it.

ALLIE

I know, but the police? I'd rather keep them out of it --

In the kitchen, the kettle starts to WHISTLE.

ALLIE

(getting up to turn it off)

-- but you're right. This can't go on. I'll ask her to leave as soon as possible. Maybe Sam can move back in till we find our own place.

GRAHAM

And if she says no?

ANGLE - HEDY

in Graham's apartment. She frowns, trying to hear through the WHISTLE. She can't. Suddenly the WHISTLING STOPS.

INT. ALLIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allie brings the kettle in, fills up both mugs.

ALLIE

She won't. It'll be fine.

GRAHAM

Allie, either she's gone by the weekend or I go to the police, okay?

ALLIE

(smiling)

Yes, sir. That was very impressive.

GRAHAM

I can be butch when I have to. I get it from my mother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

This is a little embarrassing,  
but since we're letting our  
hair down... These old air  
vents between our apartments  
carry sound. Weird acoustic  
thing.

ALLIE

You can hear us talking?

GRAHAM

Well, talking's a nice word for  
it. I can't make out you but  
Sam, he does everything but  
yodel.

(off Allie's  
embarrassment)

It's only sometimes, really.  
Maybe it's not even you guys.

ALLIE

(bright red)

I'm glad you told me. I'm  
sorry if it's bothered you,  
really...

GRAHAM

Only when I'm trying to sleep.  
(smiling)  
And after Friday afternoon I  
put a pillow over the vent.

ALLIE

Last Friday? But Sam didn't  
get back till Saturday.

GRAHAM

Oh.

(beat)

Like I said, it must have been  
some other apartment.

On Allie, very troubled.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hedy, furious, crumples the packet of photographs in her  
hand. As she does so her eyes fall on a blackthorn  
walking stick in the umbrella stand near the front door.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Later that morning. Allie enters, carrying scissors and  
plastic tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kneels, bends her head close to the heating vent. Sure enough, she can HEAR FAINT MUSIC coming from Graham's apartment. She rips out a length of wide packing tape, pastes it over the vent. She does this again and again...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

There's a SHOWER GOING as well as the CD player - LOUD. It's Aretha Franklin's cover of "Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive". The shower turns OFF. CAMERA MOVES down the hallway towards the bedroom. Graham crosses in front of the bedroom door, wet from a shower, toweling his hair. He IS SINGING with Aretha.

ANGLE - GRAHAM

in his bedroom. He throws the towel onto the bed, slips into a pair of white briefs. Then he straightens up. He's caught sight of something in the mirror. He's squinting at the mirror TOWARDS CAMERA.

GRAHAM

Allie?

But there's nothing in the mirror. ON GRAHAM, as he grabs a robe and a pair of glasses. He's frowning, puzzled. He comes OUT OF THE BEDROOM, walks down the hall.

GRAHAM

Hello?

We're CLOSE ON HIM. He thinks he hears something behind him -- and his cat, Carmen, skitters out of the kitchen, brushes up against Graham's legs. Graham smiles. He bends down, gathers the cat to him -- then HEARS ANOTHER NOISE. He turns TOWARDS CAMERA, a puzzled smile on his face, squinting.

GRAHAM

Allie?

Suddenly we see Hedy. She's poised behind him, holding the walking stick like a baseball bat. She swings, bringing the stick down across the side of his head. There's a sickening THWACK as the hardwood meets flesh and bone. Blood leaps up, splatters on the wall. The cat SCREAMS, bolts from Graham's arms. Graham is knocked to the floor. His glasses go flying. Blood pours from an opening on his temple into his eyes. He doesn't seem to be in pain. Just stunned, uncomprehending.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM

What...?

Hedy brings down the stick again on his upper arm. We HEAR a CRACKING noise: it's either the stick or his arm, and the stick looks whole... Graham, blinded by his own blood, looks down at his arm.

GRAHAM

(dazed)

My arm... you broke my arm!

He struggles to his feet, goes down the hallway towards the front door.

GRAHAM

You broke my arm.

Hedy watches him, uncertain what to do next. She expected him to die, but he didn't, he's still moving. She lets him get to the door before she comes to.

HEDY

No!

He's whimpering, fumbling with the inside locks. His left arm dangles uselessly in the half-sleeve of the robe. His fingers, slippery with blood, can't get a purchase on the latch. Suddenly, Hedy strikes him on the legs. He yells, pulls away from her, starts limping down the hallway to the safety of the bedroom. Carmen runs ahead of him.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Graham struggles into the room, slams the door. There's no lock on it. His legs are nearly useless, but he manages to push the chest of drawers against the door.

GRAHAM

Jesus, Jesus...

He looks for the phone. It's a portable -- the base unit is there, but not the phone itself. He searches through the quilts.

GRAHAM

Come on, come on. Shit!

He remembers: the bathroom. He staggers, then crawls to it. He hears Hedy trying to push open the door blocked by the chest of drawers. Ahead, Carmen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM  
(to the cat)

Go, go!

The cat skitters into the bathroom. Graham keeps coming.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Carmen runs into the bathroom, jumps up on a rattan hamper to get on a window ledge. When she does, she knocks the hamper over. It blocks the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Graham pushes on the bathroom door. It opens a little, but the hamper is blocking it. He can't get in. He keeps pushing. He looks back. Hedy has squeezed past the chest of drawers into the bedroom.

GRAHAM  
Why? Please --

Hedy comes closer. Graham is sitting, leaning against the jammed bathroom door, kicking at her. She strikes him with the stick again. He almost passes out.

HEDY  
You should mind your own  
business.

Hedy raises the stick above her head. Graham's eyes, bloody, open. He looks into her eyes. He almost smiles, he's so relieved.

GRAHAM  
Hedy.

The stick begins its swing down.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A terrible final SOUND from outside in the bedroom. Blood begins to seep under the door onto the white tile floor. Carmen stares at that, then turns TOWARD CAMERA as the door opens and ARETHA FRANKLIN, still ac-cent-tchu-ating the positive, GETS LOUDER. We know she's staring at Hedy. A beat, then the phone on the ledge next to Carmen starts to RING -- and Carmen, frightened, scampers out the window.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Allie's putting two pillows up against the tape-sealed heating vent. She's on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE  
(to herself)  
If you turned down Aretha you  
might hear the phone ring.

She gives up, hangs up, grabs the tape and scissors. We FOLLOW her into the living room, where she squats by the heating vent there. We can HEAR ARETHA FRANKLIN faintly. Allie rips off a length of packing tape, begins sealing this vent...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hedy's using packing tape, too, taping black garbage bags over Graham's body. She rattles around in the kitchen, comes out with a plastic bucket full of water. She wears rubber gloves. She starts to clean house...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hedy at the front door of the apartment, locking the locks. She looks at the key ring, takes one of the keys off it, slips that in her purse, puts the key ring in her pocket. She glances at her watch, hurries to the elevator.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Allie's on the bed, making a call. Next to her is the shoebox from Hedy's closet containing the bundle of letters addressed to Ellen Besch.

ALLIE  
(holding up the bundle;  
into phone)  
Mishawaka, Indiana. A J. T.  
Besch on Royal Road. Thank  
you.

As the operator tells her the number, she jots it down. She hangs up. A beat. She takes a swig of tea, then dials a long-distance number. A beat. She's gotten a machine.

ALLIE  
(she waits, then:)  
Hello, Mr. Besch? You don't  
know me, my name is Allison  
Jones, I think your daughter is  
my roommate. I'm in New York,  
212-555-8193. No, on second  
thought, don't call me, I'll  
get back to you. Nothing's  
wrong, it's just...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
your daughter's going to be  
moving out, and you know what  
New York is, she might need a  
lifeline, you know?  
(choosing her words  
carefully)  
She's been under a lot of  
stress. Please, don't call  
here, I'll try you again later,  
okay? Goodbye.

A beat. She's annoyed with herself: she should've hung  
up when she got a machine. As she's putting the bundle  
of letters back in the shoebox, she sees half a dozen  
folded sheets from a yellow legal pad. She picks them  
up, looks at what's written on them.

ALLIE'S POV - YELLOW SHEETS

One is a note Allie wrote to Hedy weeks ago: "Hedy --  
I'll be working late tonight. Sorry about dinner. If  
you want to go to the movie without me, fine, or we  
could see it this weekend. Allie." And six pages of  
Hedy's attempts -- good attempts -- to copy Allie's  
handwriting.

BACK TO ALLIE

Spooked. She picks up the phone, dials Sam.

ALLIE  
(into phone)  
Sam Rawson, please... Sam?  
Can you meet me tonight?

INT. GOYA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sam and Allie over dessert and coffee. Sam's just said  
something Allie doesn't agree with.

ALLIE  
Are you serious? Come on, this  
girl -- we know nothing about  
her, Sam, not really -- to me  
she's one person, to her  
parents she's someone else, to  
these sleazy guys and  
bartenders she's me! How is  
that my fault?

We notice that Sam's nervous, eager to contain Allie's  
anger.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SAM

I didn't say that. But you're so eager to convict her. Maybe Carlson's her married name, is that possible? Maybe if you're in a bar and someone's hitting on you it's easier to tell them your name is Jones or Smith or Doe?

ALLIE

Why do you keep defending her?

SAM

I'm not. I just don't think you should go in there loaded for bear. Ease her out, if you have to. Don't forget, she could really screw things up with the management.

(a beat)

You want me to talk to her?

ALLIE

No, I should do it. But you think it's the right thing? She should go?

SAM

I think it's time she moved on, yeah.

ALLIE

(her first smile)

Great. And as soon as she's out, you can move back in.

SAM

Hey, that'd be great. But... maybe you shouldn't tell her that.

ALLIE

Why not? It's the perfect reason. It's like it's not personal. I just want to be with my fiance.

SAM

(worried)

Right, okay. She'll understand. She's known about us from the beginning.

Allie has a slightly puzzled look on her face. To prevent her questioning him:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

God, it's late. Presentation  
tomorrow. I'll get you a cab.  
(putting cash on top of  
the check)

Waiter?

WAITER

Thank you, sir.

As Sam helps Allie on with her coat:

ALLIE

Excuse me. I thought Graham  
Knox worked Thursdays?

WAITER

He's out of town. Some family  
emergency, apparently.

ALLIE

Oh. Thanks.

The Waiter nods. Sam and Allie walk out of the  
restaurant.

ALLIE

(to herself)

I wonder who's watching his  
cat?

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - NIGHT

Allie enters, finds Hedy sorting laundry.

HEDY

Oh, hi. I'm going to finish  
this and turn in. How's Sam?  
It was dinner with Sam, wasn't  
it?

We see she's holding up the blouse she was wearing when  
she killed Graham. She squints at it -- is that blood?  
No.

ALLIE

Yeah.

(beat)

I'm glad you're still up, Hedy.  
I'd like to talk to you about  
something.

HEDY

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

I think you were right after all.

HEDY

About what?

ALLIE

Remember you said now that Sam and I are engaged, we'd want this place to ourselves? And I said we wanted someplace new, but we've had so much trouble finding anything we both liked, and it's crazy keeping two places going, so...

HEDY

You want me to move out.

ALLIE

Well, you offered --

HEDY

Was this Sam's idea?

ALLIE

We both want to live together, Hedy, that's only natural.

HEDY

Aren't you rushing things? You said you wanted a long engagement so you could make sure he's changed --

ALLIE

Well, frankly, Hedy, that's my business. I'm sorry, but it is. Now, you've been a good roommate, it's been fun, and if you need a week or two or any kind of help...

HEDY

You don't have to be scared, Allie. Not of me.

ALLIE

Scared?

HEDY

I'm not gonna run to the management and tell them you're breaking your lease, okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY (CONT'D)

So you don't have to buy me off  
or help me look or tell me to  
take my time. I'll be out by  
the weekend.

ALLIE

I didn't think that.

HEDY

I knew this would happen!

ALLIE

I think we should all be as  
reasonable as we can --

Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS. Hedy picks it up.

HEDY

(into phone)

Hello?

J. BESCH (V.O.)

(through phone filter)

Ellen? Is that you?

(to someone in the  
b.g.)

It's her.

Hedy has turned to stone. Allie is watching curiously.

ALLIE

Is it Sam?

But it's clear it's not Sam on the line.

HEDY

(into phone)

You have the wrong number.

J. BESCH (V.O.)

(through phone filter)

Ellen, I know that's you, this  
is your father. Talk to your  
mother -- we miss you --

But Hedy hangs up, then leaves the receiver off the  
hook.

ALLIE

Who was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Another crank call. We'll have  
to change our number. I mean,  
you will. Good night.

She goes to her bedroom, slams the door. On Allie,  
miserable and yet relieved. It's handled.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Later. Allie carries a mug of tea down the darkened  
hallway past Hedy's door. She HEARS the SOUND OF  
WHISPERING, angry whispering, like Hedy's talking to  
herself. Suddenly it stops, and the door opens. Hedy  
is there. Allie stands there, flustered.

HEDY

Excuse me.

She goes into the bathroom. Allie takes her tea into  
her bedroom, closes, locks her door.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Early. Allie, dressed for work, drinks her instant iced  
coffee -- and notices the key rack. On it: Graham's  
keys.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allie tries her keys in Graham's locks. Three fit, but  
there's no key to the fourth lock. Allie tries some of  
the other keys to no avail: she can't get in.

ALLIE

(calling)

Carmen? Carmen?

She listens, hears nothing.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Graham's body, taped tightly shut in several layers of  
black plastic bags, rests in the bathtub. Some  
potpourri has been sprinkled on the bags...

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allie waits another moment. She glances at her watch,  
frowns, goes back to the elevator.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hedy taps her fingers on the top of the phone book.  
Scrawled on the cover: "ALLIE AT WORK: 555-8193.  
MESSAGES ONLY".

HEDY  
(into phone)  
Well, I can't move alone, okay?  
Just be here. Fine.

She hangs up, dials the number on the phone book.

HEDY  
(into phone)  
Could I have personnel please?  
(a beat as she's asked  
for her name)  
This is Jane Holbeck from "Temp  
Types". It's about one of our  
people we have working there...

INT. "DATEX PAYROLL SERVICES" OFFICE - DAY

The clock reads 11:30. She's entering data into a  
computer when Lois places a time card on top of her  
papers. Allie looks up inquiringly.

LOIS  
Your assignment's over.

ALLIE  
(taken aback)  
No, I'm booked here through  
next week.

LOIS  
Your agency's pulling you out.  
Got a better job for you.  
They'll call you at home.  
Don't worry, you'll be paid for  
the full day.

Another Data Entry Clerk has seen this. Her part of the  
office is decorated with Christian doodads.

DATA ENTRY CLERK  
Call them from here. When God  
closes a door he opens a  
window.

ALLIE  
Next time you speak, tell him  
it's a six-floor drop. Bye.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allie enters the apartment with the flowers, some newspapers. The window is wide open. The traffic NOISE from the street is very loud. We SEE PAST HER down the hallway. Allie's bedroom door is slightly ajar. Allie glances at the window, plops down on the sofa with her burdens. She spreads out The Village Voice and The New York Times. "Help Wanted" she places in one stack; "Apartments to Rent" in the other. A SIREN starts WAILING OUTSIDE, and it seems to pull up across the street from the Cody Arms. A FAINTLY HEARD street scuffle, one of a daily dozen. Allie stands it for a moment, then, still reading some of the Classifieds, she goes over to the window and shuts it. Immediately it's quiet. Allie becomes aware of a rhythm, a SOUND. A strange, familiar sound, a ROCKING, a CREAKING. She freezes. It goes away. She stands up. She hears it again.

CAMERA MOVES WITH ALLIE as she goes into the hallway. She sees her door ajar. Now -- an incredible sound: Sam's love-making: urgent, demanding, expressed in MURMURS and GROANS. And something new, A WOMAN'S VOICE matching him in intensity. Allie goes forward towards her bedroom door. She pushes it open.

ALLIE'S POV - SAM AND HEDY

Sam's lying on his back, straining into Hedy, who sits on top of him, facing him, naked, her knees on either side of his waist. He's thrusting up into her, his eyes half-closed. Hedy's body blocks his view of Allie, but Hedy has heard the door CREAK open, and -- still MURMURING, still moving in rhythm with Sam's body -- she turns and looks Allie full in the face. In Hedy's face is an expression almost of sadness. It might be Allie's expression.

HEDY  
(whispering)  
Allie.

SAM  
What?

HEDY  
(turning back to him)  
Nothing, nothing.

BACK TO ALLIE

who is rigid, stock-still. It's her bed, her lover, her friend. She HEARS Sam coming into Hedy. She turns, walks quietly, shakily down the hallway.

INT. CODY ARMS ELEVATOR - DAY

There's a notice on the wall: "For security reasons, please do not admit Trick-or-Treaters October 30 and 31 unless personally known to you." Allie, now trembling, shocked, presses Floor 8, remembers Graham's out of town, presses Lobby. Then the tears start, and she leans against a corner of the elevator, sobbing...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sam is looking in horror at Hedy, who's dressing.

SAM

You're kidding.

HEDY

I wish. She was standing in the doorway and then she left. She saw us, Sam.

SAM

Why didn't you say something? Jesus, the last fucking time and she catches us. We didn't even stop!

I knew I shouldn't have come near the place!

(putting his head in his hand)

What the hell am I going to tell her?

HEDY

You think you're going to get the chance? You think she cares? Come on. It's one thing to cheat on your girlfriend. It's another thing to sleep with your fiancée's best friend. In front of her.

SAM

Best friend -- are you serious? You're hardly that -- even before this.

HEDY

What's that supposed to mean?

SAM

(flaring)

She can't stand you, for Chrissakes!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HEDY

That's not true!

SAM

I wasn't exactly doing this alone, Hedy. Hey, we both knew what we were doing. You wanted it as much as I did.

(sinking onto the bed)

Shit. I'll never get her back.

HEDY

Of course you won't. I can't believe she was going to marry you anyway. Look, the main thing now is Allie. I'll wait for her here and try to calm her down. You go to the hotel. I'll let you know if she wants to talk to you.

SAM

(amazed)

You're the last person she'll want holding her hand. You can't stay here! Get your things together. You can get a room in my hotel.

HEDY

I'm not going to leave her, Sam.

SAM

Look, Hedy. I don't want to hurt your feelings and I know it sounds crazy, but I love Allie. I'm not going to let her go. This was just sex, that's all, for both of us. And if you care about us at all, don't try to make up to her or smooth things over -- just go, okay? She doesn't need any reminders of this.

Hedy stares at him a moment, then makes a decision:

HEDY

I'll leave tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

You promise?

HEDY

Promise.

He nods, relieved. He leaves. After he's gone she starts pulling the sheets from the bed.

With a corner of the sheet she idly wipes the brass headboard she was gripping while on top of Sam...

EXT. GOYA'S RESTAURANT - TELEPHONE - NIGHT

Allie's on the pay phone. As she talks she sees the table in the dining room where she and Sam had dinner last night.

ALLIE

(into phone; waits for  
the beep)

Graham? Hi, it's Allie, it's  
Friday night around seven --  
this is my last call -- I  
waited for the head waiter to  
come on but he doesn't know  
when you'll be back either. If  
you're checking, call me, okay?  
Or if the person who's taking  
care of Carmen, if you pick  
this up, could you -- oh, no,  
never mind. Graham, call when  
you can, okay? Bye.

She hangs up, dries her eyes, looks around to see if anyone's seen her. She sees Sam's ring on her finger. As she looks at it her tears turn to anger. She makes a decision, hurries out to flag a cab...

EXT. ATHERTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Allie gets out of a cab across the street from the Atherton Hotel.

INT. ATHERTON HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open at five. An overweight blond BELLHOP gets in, smiles at Allie. He sees her trench coat.

BELLHOP

Still raining out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE  
(in no mood)

Uh-huh.

Rebuffed, the Bellhop notices her clenching and unclenching her fists. At Eight the elevator stops. As the Bellhop exits:

BELLHOP  
Good evening, Ms. Jones.

He leaves. The doors close on Allie, who frowns as she hears her name. Of course: Hedy must have been here a lot. It only makes her angrier.

INT. ATHERTON HOTEL 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Allie walks down the corridor towards Sam's suite. She passes one door, from behind which comes the SOUND of a TV GAME SHOW. She pauses at 1027, Sam's suite, and knocks. No answer. She turns the knob, finds to her surprise the door's unlocked. She enters.

INT. SAM'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out in the room; the only illumination comes from the television in the bedroom next door, a strange flickering light, and the soft light from the street. The remains of a room service meal are on a cart.

ALLIE  
Sam? Sam, it's Allie! We have  
to talk.

No answer. She comes in, then stops. She smells something. She looks at the room service cart, frowning. She bends down, sniffs the food. That's not it.

ALLIE  
Sam? Anyone?

She comes further into the room. The window is open. Is that why Allie is chilly? She closes it, muffling the SOUND OF TRAFFIC from the streets below. The bedroom door is open, and the room is lit only by a television whose vertical hold isn't holding. A movie's on but the SOUND has been MUTED. Beyond the television, the bathroom door is closed. A bar of light shines underneath it. The SOUND OF WATER running in the sink. Allie glances into the bedroom to make sure no one's there, then waits by the window in the living room. She glances again towards the bathroom. She frowns.

ALLIE'S POV - THE BEDROOM FLOOR

The flickering light of the television illuminates a dark spot on the carpet in front of it.

ALLIE

risers, walks TO THE BEDROOM. We see Allie at the bedroom doorway. What she can't see, next to her on the wall by the door, are several dark streaks and splatters. She stands there, talking at the bathroom door.

ALLIE

Sam? Come on, hurry up!

She reaches her hand to the wall and switches on the light switch. It's covered in blood, which she doesn't see, and she bloodies her fingers unknowingly. A small lamp in the corner of the room goes on. Allie looks at the stain on the carpet. It's reddish brown. There are others. They lead to the bathroom. Allie is frozen, rigid. She looks over at the bathroom door. She can still HEAR THE WATER RUNNING. She goes forward slowly, compelled to see. She pushes open the door. We see her bloody fingerprints on the white enamel.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A large room. The water in the sink is running down the drain. The white tile walls and the white tile floors are smeared with blood. The bathtub lies behind the door. Allie is WHIMPERING now.

ALLIE

Sam, Sam, Sam...

THE BATHTUB

holds Sam's lifeless body. He looks drained in blood. He is naked from the waist up. Barefooted, he wears jeans. He has been stabbed countless times, but most horrible is the crotch of his jeans, deeply bloodied. One arm hangs over the edge of the tub; the other rests demurely on his bloodied chest. Beneath him, the tub is thickly reddened. There's a clump of blood and matter blocking the drain.

ALLIE

She is shocked, but suddenly life -- and fear -- snaps back into her. She turns and runs.

INT. ATHERTON HOTEL - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Allie runs out of the hotel room, slamming the door of 1027 behind her, which -- unnoticed by her -- bounces back open. She runs, chest heaving, wild-eyed, to the elevator. She presses the button. Behind her, the NOISE OF THE GAME SHOW ON TV GETS LOUDER. A Guest has opened his door, is glancing at her as she boards the elevator. Then he notices the faint footprints on the beige carpeting, reddish marks. He glances at the half-open door of 1027. Mildly curious, that's all...

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Allie enters and locks the door behind her. Her coat is off already; now she struggles out of her blouse. Her face is wet with tears.

ALLIE

Hedy?

She goes into the kitchen, stuffs the bloodied clothing and her shoes into a trash bag. She hurries down the hall, turns on the shower, goes into her room. She comes out in a robe.

IN THE HALLWAY

she passes Hedy's room.

ALLIE  
(tearfully)

Hedy?

She swings the door open.

ALLIE'S POV - HEDY'S ROOM

It's empty of everything except the furniture she bought with Allie's name. The closets are empty. She might never have lived here. Allie's office has been moved back here from its corner in the living room.

BACK TO ALLIE

Disappointed. Even Hedy would have been someone to talk to.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Allie washes herself clean, scrubbing her hands with a brush to get the blood out. She is sobbing for Sam.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Allie rifles through some of the papers stuck to the refrigerator till she finds a magnet from a local computer superstore which has police and fire department numbers printed on it. She goes for the phone, decides she needs a drink first. She struggles with an ice cube tray. An ice cube shoots out, and when Allie reaches for it she knocks the glass to the floor. It shatters. When she picks it up she cuts herself.

ALLIE

Shit.

She stands up to reach for gloves. As she begins to put one on, she notices a small reddish brown patch on the white nap inside the glove. She freezes. An internal alarm goes off. She touches the surface of the sink. It's wet. There's water on the counter. The soap is wet too. Something compels Allie to open the drawer where the kitchen implements are kept. On the top is the butcher knife. She picks it up. Its handle is wet -- and is that blood near the butt of the knife? Sam's blood?

ALLIE

No...

HEDY (O.S.)

Allie?

Allie, terrified, drops the knife. It clatters to the floor.

ALLIE

Hedy!

WE SEE HEDY in the doorway from the living room. She's calm but she watches Allie carefully.

HEDY

You were in the shower.  
(seeing the blood on  
her hand)  
Are you hurt?

ALLIE

No, I...

Hedy comes to her, takes her hand, looks at the cut. She touches the wrist with her finger, looks up at Allie, smiles.

HEDY

You'll live. Come here. Let  
me help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns on the water (without leaving fingerprints), pulls Allie's hand underneath the stream. Allie watches Hedy, deciding what to do. Hedy rips off a paper towel, gives it to Allie. She bends down to get the knife, takes it to the sink, washes it. Then, using two paper towels, she dries it, places it in the drawer. No fingerprints. Allie stares at her, desperately trying to think.

ALLIE

I'm going out for a while.

HEDY

I'm surprised you're even talking to me. You must be very angry at me, Allie. You know. About Sam.

ALLIE

(straining for normalcy)

No. Why?

HEDY

Why?

ALLIE

(remembering)

Oh, you mean, sleeping with him. Well. Yes, I am, but -- you know, I don't care if I never see Sam again. That's how I feel.

(beat)

I'd better go.

Hedy subtly blocks her from going.

HEDY

(indicating her robe)

In that?

ALLIE

Oh. Well, I'm just going up to see Graham. He called, wants to talk.

Hedy knows now Allie is lying.

HEDY

Still...

Allie nods, goes down the hallway to her bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Keep the door open so we can  
talk.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allie quickly, fumblingly dresses herself.

HEDY (O.S.)

That's why I came back. To  
talk. I moved my things out,  
did you notice?

ALLIE

You don't have to explain about  
Sam.

HEDY (O.S.)

And I washed the sheets. It  
was the least I could do.

Allie glances at the bed. It's been freshly made.

ALLIE

Thank you. Hedy, it really  
doesn't matter to me. I'm over  
it. Could we talk about  
something else?

HEDY (O.S.)

Is this laundry too?

Allie turns, SEES HEDY in the doorway with the Hefty bag  
full of Allie's clothing.

ALLIE

Yes. Graham and I are going to  
do laundry tonight. No,  
Hedy...

But Hedy is opening the bag. She pulls out Allie's  
bloodied stockings. Hedy's not angry. She almost  
smiles.

HEDY

What's this?

ALLIE

(lying desperately)  
I didn't want you to know,  
Hedy. Someone killed Sam. I  
went to talk to him and someone  
killed him. The police are  
there, they're there already.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HEDY

Then they'll be here soon,  
looking for you. See, you left  
a message this afternoon at the  
front desk saying you'd drop by  
tonight.

Trying to be casual, Allie edges towards the phone.

ALLIE

We should still call the police  
and explain.

HEDY

What are you doing?

ALLIE

If you make a bad mistake but  
you admit it right away, it's  
better --

HEDY

(getting more agitated)  
But I didn't make a mistake. I  
can't believe you, Allie, whose  
side are you on?

ALLIE

I'm on your side, Hedy, I am.  
I'm your friend -- I know you  
weren't yourself when you  
killed Sam --

HEDY

I know -- I was you. I don't  
exist. I'm not on the lease --  
there's not even a fingerprint  
here, I've been cleaning like  
crazy! So you just forget  
about the police.

ALLIE

(her glance falling on  
the heating vent:  
Graham)

It won't work. People have  
seen you.

HEDY

(noting the glance)  
I wouldn't worry about that if  
I were you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I had to do it, Allie. I had  
to protect you. That's what  
friends are for.

Suddenly Allie picks up a crystal paperweight, hurls it  
at Hedy. It hits Hedy on the arm; she falls against the  
wall and Allie rushes past her. Hedy grabs Allie's leg.

INT. ALLIE'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hedy maintains her grasp on Allie's leg. Allie kicks  
her, but Hedy won't let go. Allie drags Hedy with her  
as she makes for:

THE HALL TABLE

Allie opens it, finds the gun. Hedy slams the drawer  
shut on her hands. Allie YELPS, drops the gun. Hedy  
kicks it away. Allie stomps on Hedy's free hand and  
Hedy releases her. Allie runs towards the gun. Hedy  
takes the box of bullets, throws it on the floor. The  
bullets roll towards Allie, who slips on them, falls,  
strikes her head against the hardwood floor.

ALLIE'S POV

Staring up as Hedy comes over her. Her face is dark  
with anger.

HEDY

This is the thanks I get for --

ALLIE

She still has the gun. She raises it.

HEDY

No --

Allie fires! -- but the chambers are empty. She fires  
again, then again. Her hand falls to the floor,  
useless. She sobs. Hedy bends down, takes the gun.

HEDY

Pick them up. Pick them up!

Allie gets to her knees, starts picking up the bullets.

HEDY

We're not going anywhere until  
this room is perfect. And  
hurry, we can't stay here. We  
need a place to hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hedy looks around the room. Her eyes dart to the vent in the living room. She loosens the plastic and tape covering it.

HEDY

It's loaded now, so you won't  
scream in the hallway, right?

As Allie is picking up the bullets, she sees the laptop.

FLASHBACK - ALLIE'S MONTHLY BUDGET

with "Hedra Carlson", with her p.o. address. If the police found that...

BACK TO SCENE

ALLIE

(eyes on the laptop)  
No. I'll be quiet.

Hedy sees her glance. She goes over to the laptop, gets it.

HEDY

Good idea. We could sell this.

Allie's hopes are dashed. Hedy opens the door, peers out. The coast is clear. They leave.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Allie watches Hedy insert the keys in the locks. She looks back at the elevator. The indicator above the door reads "Six", "Seven", finally "Eight." Hedy struggles with the key. Allie turns to the elevator. The elevator doors open: it's empty. Then Hedy gets the door to the apartment open. She sees the empty elevator, smiles at Allie.

HEDY

(friendly)

Whew!

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allie and Hedy enter; Hedy locks the door behind her.

ALLIE

I couldn't get the bottom one  
to work last time --

(she sniffs, smells  
something)

Oh no -- Carmen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Lie down. Get comfortable.

Allie lies down on the couch. Hedy studies her.

HEDY

Go like this.

She puts her hands together, lays her head on them. Allie follows suit. Hedy tapes her like that, hands together. Then she tapes her ankles.

ALLIE

(eyes full)

Why, Hedy?

HEDY

Shhh. Just go to sleep.

ALLIE

Don't kill me, Hedy.

A SIREN. Hedy looks out the window.

HEDY

The police just drove up.  
They'll hear you.

She tapes Allie's mouth shut with a wide swath of tape. She spreads a quilt on the floor by the couch, lies down on it.

LATER

Allie and Hedy listening to the FAINT SOUNDS coming through the heating vent of the police below in Allie's apartment. Tears slide from Allie's eyes.

POLICE (O.S.)

Did she live here alone?

MRS. SENESKY (O.S.)

Yes. Except for this guy...

LATER

Hedy's asleep. Allie's awake. She turns her head to the bathroom; she has to go. She tries to tell Hedy, but she can only manage a muffled noise. She decides to go on her own. She stands up with difficulty, begins hopping to the bathroom. She knocks against a table, freezes, waiting for Hedy to react.

ON HEDY

her eyes open. She doesn't move.

ALLIE

struggles to the bathroom door. She pushes it open.  
She frowns, turns her head towards the bathtub...

ON HEDY

still on the floor. WE HEAR ALLIE react to the sight of  
Graham's body, bagged and sealed, in the bathtub.  
MUFFLED SCREAMS, Allie's body falling to the ground, the  
SOUND OF her wild, terrified BREATHING...

INT. GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - DAY

Morning. We're CLOSE ON HEDY'S FACE in the mirror. She  
has a towel around her shoulders, and her head is  
covered with dark red-brown shampoo. She's coloring her  
hair. CAMERA TILTS DOWN when she wets her head in the  
sink. When it TILTS BACK UP we SEE Allie reflected in  
the mirror. She's standing at the bathroom door, weak  
from fear. Her hands are lightly taped together.

HEDY

Come on in.

Allie is near tears; she doesn't want to come in when  
Graham's body is there.

HEDY

He's not gonna bite you.

Allie comes in. Hedy helps her unzip her pants. Allie  
sits on the toilet. Her gaze falls on the blackthorn  
stick, washed, which leans against the bathtub.

HEDY

(touching Allie's hair)  
This was such a beautiful  
color. But I can't go around  
looking like you anymore, can  
I?

(beat)

I don't hear anything. You  
want me to leave?

ALLIE

No.

HEDY

It happened the night we lost  
the puppy. Remember? I wasn't  
being disloyal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY (CONT'D)

In a way, it made us closer,  
see? I think best friends  
should share everything.

(in the mirror)

Should I do my eyebrows?

ALLIE

No.

HEDY

Besides, it was for your own  
good. I kept telling you he  
hadn't changed, but you  
wouldn't believe me. I had to  
prove it to you. It wouldn't  
have changed when you got  
married either, he just wasn't  
that happy with you in bed.

(shaking her head)

He said I was tighter, can you  
believe that? A guy would  
actually say that? To her best  
friend! It's so out of line...

Allie is sickened.

HEDY

That's why I made sure you  
found us yesterday. You'd be  
through with Sam and we could  
go back to the way it was  
before. But he wasn't going to  
let you go. And I knew you.  
You're weak with him. I've  
seen that.

ALLIE

We couldn't have gone back to  
the way it was before, Hedy.

But Hedy's rinsing the dye off her hair. She smiles at  
her reflection.

HEDY

You sit there till you go.  
Come on.

She leaves. Allie looks toward the bathtub.  
Eventually, the SOUND OF HER PEEING.

INT. GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hedy is standing by a television set, adjusting the  
picture. She looks TOWARD CAMERA:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

How's that? Okay? Too loud?

REVERSE ANGLE - ALLIE

is seated in a heavy easy chair. She's bound securely, hands and feet, and heavy white tape webs her tightly into her seat. Her mouth is taped shut.

HEDY

I'll be back in an hour.

(she goes to the  
answering machine)

It picks up on the first ring  
so don't worry about this.

She presses a button. Days-old messages are played:

MOTHER (V.O.)

(filtered)

... your mother. Are you  
there? Pick up if you're  
there, honey, it won't take  
long. Melinda Jacobs is going  
to be in Manhattan tomorrow and  
I told her mother you'd show  
her the sights. She's a very  
nice girl and the divorce was  
not her fault, entirely, so I  
thought... well, fine.  
Embarrass me. Graham?

(a pause)

Fine. You call us.

The CLICK of a hang-up. Then we hear Allie's phone call from Goya's:

ALLIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Graham? Hi, it's Allie, it's  
Friday night around seven --  
this is my last call -- I  
waited for the head waiter to  
come on but he doesn't know  
when you'll be back either. If  
you're checking, call me, okay?

Hedy pushes a few buttons and the machine rewinds and re-sets itself. She takes the portable phone with her in her purse. She leaves the TV remote by Allie's fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

23 and 24 are the movie  
channels. Okay. Comfortable?  
I'll be back.

She leaves, tying a scarf around her neck.

INT. ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - DAY

Hedy stands and listens as two tenants talk. Hushed,  
excited gossip.

MRS. SENESKY

They asked me if I knew her. I  
said just to say hello to.

OTHER TENANT

It could have been us. It's a  
terrible city.

MRS. SENESKY

They lived together. I saw him  
sneaking out of her apartment.  
It's usually people you know.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allie's eye falls on the remote -- and particularly the  
volume control.

INT. "MAILBOXES, ETC." - DAY

Hedy enters, goes to her box, opens it. An envelope  
from Indiana. She opens it, takes out a check, leaves  
the letter unread. Also, a payroll check.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allie presses the volume button. The TV VOLUME goes up.  
It's not loud enough; it's a documentary. She presses  
the channel until she gets to MTV. It's LOUD.

INT. MAILBOXES, ETC. - DAY

Hedy's at the counter, cashing her check, chatting with  
the young Girl. Not featured, but visible, is a tabloid  
with the headline, "Hotel Horror".

HEDY

(accepting the cash)  
Thank you.

She's leaving when the OWNER calls to her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

OWNER

Ms. Besch?

OWNER

A guy was in this morning  
looking for you. He said he  
was your father.

On Hedy, stunned.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Hedy walks down the street, her rage building. People  
get out of her way.

INT. 8TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

The NOSY TENANT in the apartment across from Graham's  
opens his door, looks towards Graham's apartment. The  
NOISE IS LOUD. He goes to the door, knocks.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allie hears the KNOCK but can't respond. Her eyes are  
wild with hope. She struggles, succeeding only in  
knocking the remote off the arm of the chair to the  
floor.

EXT./INT. CODY ARMS LOBBY - DAY

Hedy storms into the building. She can see the  
elevator's on its way down from the eighth floor.

INT. 8TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

The SUPER is KNOCKING on Graham's door. No response.  
Still the LOUD MUSIC THROBS behind the door.

He starts selecting keys from his ring.

INT. ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - DAY

Hedy has made such hard fists of her hands that her  
nails have drawn blood on her palms.

INT. 8TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Hedy's off the elevator, rounds the corner, and HEARS  
THE MUSIC, sees the Super.

HEDY

(fumbling for her keys)

Excuse me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPER

You live here?

HEDY

I'm watching the apartment for the weekend. I'm so sorry. It's on a timer and I was out. I do apologize.

SUPER

I have to register the complaint.

HEDY

God, Graham'll kill me. Please. I'll take care of it.

She cracks the door open, slips through.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hedy enters the apartment, closes the door. Allie's terrified. Hedy crosses to the TV turns it off, smashes the remote against the wall. Then she brutally slaps Allie across the face.

HEDY

It was you, wasn't it? Why? Why would you do that?

Allie's mouth is still taped. Her eyes are wide with fear.

HEDY

When he called I thought maybe they found me some other way, but it was you, I know it was you!

Allie is confused; it only irritates Hedy more.

HEDY

Don't pretend you don't know. My father! My father's here, and he told the guy at the mail place I was sick and he was going to take me home. You told him that, didn't you? You told him I was sick again, you can never make up for that! Never!

Hedy starts crying, panic-stricken, horrible sobs. Allie shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is moaning through the tape, wanting to be heard. Hedy goes to the kitchen. Allie HEARS the kitchen drawer opening. Hedy comes back with a knife.

HEDY

That's what that stupid girl  
did in Tampa, they found me and  
they came to visit and she told  
them all about me, things she  
shouldn't have said to them.

(suddenly irritated at  
Allie's moaning)

What?! What?!

She rips the tape off Allie's mouth. It tears at the corner of her mouth, drawing blood.

ALLIE

Please...

Hedy leans in close to her. She raises the knife to Allie's throat. She may feel bad about what she has to do, but she'll do it anyway:

HEDY

I'm sorry...

Suddenly, Allie leans in and kisses Hedy full on the lips.

ALLIE

(whispering)

Don't make me leave you, Ellen.

She lets her head fall back on the chair. A thin line of blood appears on her throat where she leaned against the knife to kiss Hedy. Hedy is stunned. She doesn't respond sexually, but slowly she pulls back, lowers the knife. Allie watches her, her life hanging in the balance, not daring to hope. But it works. Hedy stands up. She follows up her advantage:

ALLIE

We can't stay here forever.  
People will start to wonder  
where Graham is. You've heard  
the messages. We have to find  
some other place. We can still  
be roommates.

HEDY

We'll need money for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE

Sell the laptop, that's what  
you brought it for, right? I  
could tell you where we'd get  
good money for it.

(casually)

We'd just have to erase  
everything on it that had our  
names.

MOMENTS LATER

Allie's hands have been untaped, though her feet are  
still bound. The computer is open before her. Hedy  
watches as she deletes files.

HEDY

What's that one there?

ALLIE

The budget. Has your name in  
it.

(she touches a few  
keys)

Gone.

The KETTLE WHISTLES in the kitchen.

HEDY

I always wanted to learn this.  
Maybe we shouldn't sell it --  
if you taught me we could use  
it to work at home. You want  
Equal?

Allie nods and Hedy goes into the kitchen. Allie  
quickly takes the modem phone cord from her laptop  
computer, plugs it into the back of the computer, then  
into the phone outlet in the wall. She's sweating. She  
taps a few keys.

COMPUTER SCREEN

as Allie types in the access codes to her Home Banking  
program. We see the "CITIBANK HOME BANKING" logo  
appear. Allie types in her personal codes to gain  
access. A menu appears. She moves her cursor down to  
"Electronic Mail". Hedy calls to her from the kitchen.

ALLIE (O.S.)

(buying time)

I'm hungry. Is there something  
in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY (O.S.)

Not much.

Allie begins typing her message. These words APPEAR ON THE SCREEN as she types: "PLEASE CALL POLICE. 7687 W. 74TH STREET, CODY ARMS, APT. 812. THIS IS NOT A PRANK, PLEASE --"

HEDY (O.S.)

What's that?

BACK TO SCENE

Allie, startled, sees Hedy standing over her. Hedy sees the message, whirls on Allie, tosses the mug of hot tea onto her. Allie screams, falls back, cowering. Hedy rips the phone cord from the wall.

HEDY

(livid)

I can't believe you! I trusted you, I forgave you, and you do this!

ALLIE

Ellen, please, please --

HEDY

(tying the phone cord  
around Allie's wrists)

No, no, you're not my friend,  
you're a liar, a dirty little  
liar!

Hedy begins forcing her DOWN THE HALLWAY TO THE BEDROOM.

ALLIE

Go ahead, kill me! But if  
someone kills me, then I didn't  
kill Graham, did I? Or Sam?  
The person who killed me killed  
them, that's what they'll  
think.

Hedy stops at this. They're IN THE BEDROOM now. Allie, desperate to buy time, follows up her advantage:

ALLIE

And your father -- he's  
probably already been here --  
he's probably left a note in my  
mailbox. The police'll have  
that by now. And he might tell  
them what he suspects about  
your sister.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLIE (CONT'D)

She didn't just die, did she?  
Maybe they won't protect you  
anymore.

(off Hedy's alarm)

You need me. If you want to  
blame the murders on me, you  
can't kill me.

It looks as if it's working. Hedy ties Allie up with  
the roll of tape, but she doesn't do it roughly. Allie  
breathes easier, till:

HEDY

What if you kill yourself?  
(she wraps a piece of  
tape over Allie's  
mouth and around her  
head)

What if you're so sorry for  
what you did you kill yourself?

She wipes the roll of tape clean of fingerprints. She  
leaves Allie on the bed, terrified...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DUSK

With paper towels and rubber gloves, Hedy is wiping  
every place she touched.

EXT. FORTUNE FASHIONS - MYERSON'S OFFICE - DUSK

Nearly quitting time. Myerson is in his office; he's  
talking softly to a female employee, his hand familiarly  
on her back. Suddenly:

BARBARA (O.S.)

Jesus! Mike!

CAMERA FOLLOWS MYERSON as he goes out to his assistant's  
office. Barbara looks puzzled, alarmed as she stares  
into her computer screen.

MYERSON

What is it?

BARBARA

Look, it's... erasing. I  
didn't do anything.

MYERSON'S POV - BARBARA'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Page after page of financial data appears and then  
disappears, character by character.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After each page disappears, the word "Lost" appears in the center of the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

MYERSON

Shit.

He runs into his office, taps a few keys on his computer, stares at it, aghast.

MYERSON

On mine, too.

MYERSON'S POV - HIS COMPUTER SCREEN

His data is also crumbling. Two pages of that, then a message appears. "THE LAST PAYMENT IN FULFILLMENT OF THE CONTRACT BETWEEN FORTUNE FASHIONS AND ALLISON JONES IS NOW SIXTY DAYS PAST DUE. PLEASE CONTACT ALLISON JONES AT 212-555-8193 WITHIN 24 HOURS OR THE REST OF YOUR DATA WILL BE IRRETRIEVABLY LOST."

BACK TO MYERSON

who's reading what appears on the screen...

MYERSON

"This payment policing program is installed on all Allison Jones software. If you believe it has been activated in error, or if your payment has been sent, be assured all your data can be recovered upon contacting Ms. Jones..."

(under his breath)

Bitch!

He flips through his Rolodex. He dials Allie's apartment. It rings and rings. No answer. On the Rolodex card is another number pencilled in: 555-8796, with a name, "Knox." He dials it. BUSY.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Graham's mother's voice is coming through:

GRAHAM'S MOTHER (V.O.)

... it's making me nervous, honey, you know, anything could happen to you, so please return this call, okay? I'm worried.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK

Hopelessly, Allie hears Graham's mother's message...

INT. FORTUNE FASHIONS - MYERSON'S OFFICE - DUSK

Myerson rips out the Rolodex card, leaves the office.

MYERSON

Turn them off, every one of  
them!

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DUSK

Myerson's car tears out of the parking garage, heads  
uptown...

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The computer is on Hedy's lap. She's lost in thought.  
Allie watches. A beat.

HEDY

It's very hard to put into  
words, why you killed Sam.  
(back to the keyboard;  
types)

"All I can say is I'm sorry.  
About everything. This will  
make it even."

(to Allie)

You want to say anything  
special to anyone?

(no response)

Okay. "Allison Jones."

She re-reads what's on the screen, then offers the  
computer to Allie.

HEDY

I saved it, right? Good. I'll  
be right back.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hedy TURNS ON THE STEREO to screen out any noise Allie  
might make, then grabs Graham's keys.

EXT. CODY ARMS - ENTRY - NIGHT

Myerson studies the outside security phone, picks up the  
receiver, dials Allie's number. While waiting he  
locates Graham's name and apartment number. There's no  
answer from Allie's apartment. He's about to dial  
Graham's when a couple exits. He catches the door  
before it closes, enters.



INT. CODY ARMS - LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Hedy is standing there.  
Myerson makes a move to get in.

HEDY

It's going down.

He steps back. The doors close.

INT. CODY ARMS - BASEMENT - STORAGE CAGES - NIGHT

Hedy is getting a suitcase out of Graham's cage.

INT. CODY ARMS - SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Myerson slows as he approaches Allie's apartment. It is sealed with yellow police incident tape. He heads back to the elevator.

INT. CODY ARMS - ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - NIGHT

Hedy's riding up with the suitcase. At the 6th floor the elevator stops. Myerson gets in. She doesn't think anything of it. He glances at the lit "8" button, doesn't press another one. They ride up in silence.

INT. CODY ARMS - 8TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Hedy gets out of the elevator, heads down to Graham's apartment. Myerson checks a few doors to see how the numbers run, then turns towards Hedy, who's working the locks on the apartment door.

MYERSON

Is Graham Knox home?

HEDY

No.

The locks are undone. She's about to slip through the door when Myerson sticks his foot in it. We HEAR MUSIC pour into the hallway from the living room.

MYERSON

(urgent)

May I come in?

(as Hedy hesitates)

I'm looking for a woman. Allie Jones. Do you know her? It's very important -- my company's at stake --

HEDY

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYERSON

Michael Myerson. Ms. Jones did  
a job for me --

The DOOR across the hall opens. The Nosy Tenant  
appears, frowning, annoyed at the MUSIC.

HEDY

Well, I don't know her. And  
Graham is out of town. He's on  
a cruise, I don't know which  
one. Anyway, I don't even know  
if he knows her.

MYERSON

He does. I was down at Ms.  
Jones's apartment, it's all  
sealed by the police. What  
happened?

NOSY TENANT

Is he going to be away for  
long?

HEDY

He'll be back soon.  
(to Myerson)  
You better come in.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - NIGHT

Hedy closes the door behind Myerson.

HEDY

I said I don't know anything  
about her. Maybe she was  
burglarized or something.

MYERSON

She's no victim, our Miss  
Jones. Just the opposite --  
she's extorting money from me  
right now. I've got to reach  
Mr. Knox -- may I use your  
phone? I'm going down the  
fucking tubes here -- excuse  
me.

HEDY

What did you mean, extorting  
money?

MYERSON

Could you turn that down,  
please?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYERSON (CONT'D)

(dials a number)

I hired her to do some computer programming. She came on to me. She's a New Woman, you know? Oversexed and underlaid -- but Christ, I'm a married man!

(into phone)

Barbara, I can't find her. Find a computer consultant tonight -- get Hirsch's guy over -- anything. Whatever they want. I'll be right there.

He hangs up.

HEDY

She wouldn't do that.

MYERSON

I thought you said you didn't know her.

ANGLE - ALLIE IN THE BEDROOM

She hears voices now that the MUSIC has been turned DOWN. There's a man's voice. She struggles, fights to get off the bed.

BACK TO SCENE

HEDY

I don't. But, I mean, it doesn't make sense. Her job was at stake.

MYERSON

It was. I fired her. And now she's getting even.

HEDY

Well... I hope you find her.

MYERSON

You're a nice girl. Thank you. You're like her, a little. But prettier.

(he hands her a card)

If Mr. Knox does call, could you have him call me? It's very important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEDY

Sure.

She escorts Myerson to the door. He's just about to leave when he spots:

MYERSON'S POV - ALLIE'S LAPTOP COMPUTER CASE

with the "ALLISON JONES SOFTWARE SOLUTIONS" logo stenciled on top. The case is unzipped (the laptop's in the bedroom).

BACK TO SCENE

Myerson's eyes go from the laptop case to Hedy.

MYERSON

You're lying to me. You do know her -- that's her computer.

HEDY

Is it? Maybe Graham's keeping it for her.

Suddenly, there's a NOISE from the bedroom. Myerson hears it. He looks back at Hedy, then moves quickly towards the bedroom.

HEDY

Wait!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Myerson to the bedroom. When he reaches the door, he opens it.

MYERSON'S POV

Allie is on the floor. She looks up at him. There is a warning in her eyes, but she can't speak.

ON MYERSON

who looks at her, dumbfounded.

MYERSON

Jesus --

Suddenly, he is struck from behind. He crumples to the floor. Hedy stands above him, holding her gun by the barrel. She bends down. His eyes are still open, blinking. She hits him again with the butt of the gun, then again. His eyes close.

BACK TO SCENE

Allie is terrified. Hedy advances on her, rips the tape off her mouth. Hunks of hair come with it. Allie's eyes fill with tears.

HEDY

Don't say a word, I swear to  
God, Allie --

Hedy is untying her. Allie plays weak as a kitten.

ALLIE

What are you doing? No, Ellen.

HEDY

I've done all this, all this  
for you. The people you hated,  
I hated.

(she's almost crying)

But you didn't want to be  
friends. You've never wanted  
to. When I think -- that night  
you told me about him, I cried  
for you that night, and it's  
all a lie, you came on to  
him --

ALLIE

That's not true.

HEDY

You're going to kill him and  
then you're going to kill  
yourself.

ALLIE

Ellen, please. I like you, I  
will be your friend, I won't  
tell --

She's wiped the gun clean, wraps Allie's hand around it, then her hand over Allie's. She raises Allie's hand and the gun to Myerson's temple. Suddenly, Allie stops resisting the forward motion, goes with it, knocking the gun into the side of Myerson's head. Then she slams her elbow down into Hedy's ribs. We hear a CRACK. Hedy is surprised, winded. She looks at Allie, betrayed again. Allie has the gun.

HEDY

Don't.

Allie FIRES wildly, grazing Hedy's calf. Hedy SCREAMS, lunges toward Allie. The gun goes skittering across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allie and Hedy both lunge for it. Hedy grabs it, raises it -- but Allie slams her hand against the nightstand and the gun smashes through the window, clatters onto the fire escape. Hedy's infuriated. She picks up a shard of broken glass, cutting her hand in doing so, makes stabs at Allie. But Allie protects herself with a pillow, which Hedy shreds. Finally, crying with frustration, Hedy must drop the bit of glass -- her hand is too badly cut -- and Allie runs from the room, tripping over the fallen Myerson. Her goal: the front door. She heads down the hallway.

HEDY

Allie, wait, wait!

Allie turns around to see Hedy in the doorway of the bedroom, standing over Myerson. She's weak, leaning against the door frame, her right hand bloody. She holds it out in front of her.

HEDY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Don't  
leave me, please. I'm scared.

Allie hesitates a moment, then turns back to the door, opens it. Suddenly a SHOT RINGS OUT, and the wood in the door frame splinters with a bullet's impact.

ALLIE'S POV - HEDY

has retrieved the gun, which she hid in her left hand behind her. It's raised now, pointed at Allie. It fires again --

BACK TO SCENE

-- and misses. Allie opens the door, leaves. Hedy, despite her wounded leg and hand, hurries after her.

INT. 8TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Allie rushes to the elevator, SCREAMING. The door opposite Graham's apartment opens, the Nosy Tenant we saw earlier pokes his head out. Just then Hedy emerges from the apartment, and the Nosy Tenant slams shut his door. Hedy turns to the elevator. Other doors open, then close quickly.

ELEVATOR BAY

Allie is frantically pushing the buttons. Hedy approaches with the gun. The elevator isn't coming. Allie sinks down next to the ashtray -- a metal standard topped with a pan of sand -- by the elevator door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns her face away from Hedy, hugs the ashtray, weeping.

HEDY

Stand up and turn around!

Allie opens her eyes, stares into the sand and butts in the ashtray. When she holds onto the ashtray to turn around, she grabs a handful of sand. As she turns, she throws the sand in Hedy's face, blinding her. Hedy squeezes off TWO WILD SHOTS, then the elevator arrives. Allie gets in. She's closing the accordion-like metal inner door when Hedy's hand, holding the gun, is thrust through it. Allie struggles to close the door. Hedy's finger tightens on the trigger. Then Allie gets the idea of opening the door, crushing Hedy's hand. HEDY SCREAMS. The gun clatters to the floor, then falls through the crack between the elevator and the floor. It falls several floors below. Hedy has recoiled, is in the hallway, holding her hand. Allie closes the inner elevator door. The outer door closes. She's safe.

INT. ELEVATOR - (STATIONARY) - NIGHT

Allie turns the screwdriver in the keyhole, presses G for "Ground." The elevator starts to descend. She is shaking, trying not to cry. She reads the numbers. Seven, six. Then the elevator starts to slow down. Allie presses the "CLOSE DOOR" but it doesn't work, and the outer door opens slowly. Allie holds the inner mesh door with all her strength. She SEES an elderly man standing at the elevator. He smiles at Allie. She relaxes her grip on the inner door. Then, the elderly man turns to someone unseen.

ELDERLY MAN

Ladies first.

ALLIE

No!

Suddenly Hedy is there, ripping the inner door open. She kicks the Elderly Man to the floor, gets inside the elevator. She and Allie fight: Allie wants to keep the inner door open so the elevator won't move. But Hedy succeeds in closing it. As the outer doors close:

ALLIE

Call the police!

INT. ELEVATOR - (MOVING) - NIGHT

As soon as the elevator moves, Hedy backhands Allie, knocking her to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They struggle furiously, but finally Hedy gets on top of Allie, puts her hands around her neck. Allie is losing the battle for breath.

ALLIE'S POV - THE SCREWDRIVER

dangling above her from the control panel, swinging on its chain.

BACK TO SCENE

with her last bit of strength Allie grabs the screwdriver and with one motion rips it from its chain and drives it into Hedy's neck. Hedy looks shocked. There's a gurgling in her throat, like water going down a drain, and suddenly blood spills from her mouth onto Allie. She looks at Allie, surprised, and then a look - almost of gratitude -- comes into her eyes. Then she collapses on top of Allie.

HIGH ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN

Allie flat on her back looking up, Hedy on top of her. The floor of the elevator grows black-red with a widening circle of blood. The elevator shudders to a stop and the outer doors open. Allie struggles to roll out from under Hedy, and in doing so she pushes Hedy's body backward across the entrance to the elevator. The bumper doors of the elevator try to close on it, then reopen, then try to close again. Allie crawls out of the elevator to face:

A GROUP OF TENANTS

in the lobby, all of them staring at her, no one moving forward. Allie looks at them, drops the screwdriver.

MRS. SENESKY

Are you hurt?

Allie struggles to her feet.

ALLIE

I'll be okay.

Slowly, Mrs. Senesky moves forward, hesitating, then finally reaching Allie. She puts her arm around her.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

through the lobby and OUT INTO the Manhattan NIGHT.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

We HEAR SIRENS, and curious passersby stop and stare at the spectacle inside the lobby, where Allie's neighbors gather around her. Then the CAMERA MOVES UP past one of the pigeon-spotted gargoyles to the skyline and we...

FADE OUT:

THE END

